The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The February BOOKMAN will be a William Morris Number, and will contain special articles on Morris and his work by Edward Thomas and Holbrook Jackson. Other important articles in the February number will include "Lord Acton's 'French Revolution,'" by Dr. William Barry; "Goldsmith," by T. E. Page; "William Sharp," by Arthur Ransome; "The Beaux and the Dandies," by Lewis Melville; "Douglas Jerrold and *Punch*"; "The Views of Vanoc," "Overland to India," by Archibald R. Colquhoun, etc., etc.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing cheap editions of Mrs. Garnett's translations of Tolstoy's "Anna Karenine" and "War and Peace."

Most of the volumes included in Mr. Frowde's "World's Classics" series are reprints. One that was not is Mr. Aylmer Maude's translation of Tolstoy's "Essays and Letters," which first appeared in the series about seven years ago, and reached a second impression in the year following. These "Essays and Letters" are of particular value as revealing very frankly and clearly much of Tolstoy's innermost self, his ideals and beliefs, his views on religion, on life, death and eternity, and his thoughts on this world, its social wrongs and the ways in which they can and must be righted. In none of his writings, perhaps, has Tolstoy been more outspoken than in these, the publication of nearly two-thirds of which has been prohibited in Russia.

The *Century Magazine* is now published in this country by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. In the forty years of its existence the *Century* has won a place for itself that is second to none of the American magazines in point of artistic and literary excellence as well as of popularity. Probably no American magazine has ever met with greater success on this side of the Atlantic. The January number contains long instalments of Robert Hichens's new serial, "The Dweller on the Threshold," and of A. C. McGiffert's vividly dramatic Life of Martin Luther; an article by Madame Maeterlinck on her performance of "Pelleas et Mélisande"; and short stories and miscellaneous articles by well-known authors. The *Century* has always been noted for its illustrations, and the artists who will supply its colour-plates and other pictures during the present year include Joseph Pennell, Arthur Rackham, Charles

Photo by J. Russell & Son. **Mr. R. A. Scott-James,**
Literary Editor of the *Daily News*, whose new book, "An Englishman in Ireland," is reviewed on p. 202.

Dana Gibson, André Castaigne, and other such famous workers with brush and pencil. The programme for the year is of exceptional interest, and comprises articles on "The Trade of the World," on College Life, and a wide variety of subjects, William Winter contributing a series on "Shakespeare on the Stage" and Timothy Cole on "A New Series of Old Masters." After glancing through the January number of the *Century* one is not surprised that a general idea should obtain that the American magazines are superior to the English.

From the Priory Press comes an uncommonly interesting sixpenny booklet on "London's Dialect," by Mr. MacKenzie MacBride. London is happy in finding such a scholarly and impartial Scotsman to vindicate her native dialect. Mr. MacBride makes it abundantly clear that the Cockney has no reason to be ashamed of his manner of speech, and that those who despise and attempt to reform it do so in ignorance. We strongly recommend the book to that L.C.C. Committee that was recently sitting in conference on "The Teaching of English in London Elementary Schools"; it is not complimentary to the conclusions at which the Committee arrived, but it gives sound and excellent reasons for thinking that their proposals are mischievous and will tend to destroy a beautiful and historic speech. This is a concise and valuable contribution to a subject of real importance, and all those who are interested in the dialects not only of London, but of the Midlands, the North, and of Scotland, will do well to read Mr. MacBride's attractive and brilliantly written defence of them.

Messrs. Appleton are publishing in February the first volume of "The American Year-Book," a record of events and progress in America during 1910. It aims especially at supplying the requirements of sociologists, scientists, journalists, and men engaged in public affairs.

Although "The Broad Highway," which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. publish, is, so far as the public are concerned, Mr. Jeffery Farnol's first book, he has been writing fiction for some eight or nine years past. His brilliant romance of eighteenth-century England was written over three years ago and occupied two years in the writing, during part of which time Mr. Farnol was employed in scene-painting for the Astor Theatre in New York. He was born thirty years back in Birmingham, but has lived nearly all his life in Kent. Another story of Mr. Farnol's that is to be published shortly is called "The Money-Moon"; it was written before "The Broad Highway," and, as its title sufficiently suggests, is of a much lighter character. He is at present working on a new romance dealing again with the days of the Prince Regent, and hopes to have it ready for publication in the autumn.

Photo by Rolf, Lee, S.E. **Mr. Jeffery Farnol.**

Since writing his introductions to the various volumes of Dickens's works that have appeared in Everyman's Library, Mr. G. K. Chesterton has discovered a good deal more to say about Dickens, his times and his characters. He has therefore been revising and enlarging his introductions and they have been collected and are to be published in a separate volume by Messrs. Dent & Sons. Mr. Chesterton has written two entirely new chapters for this book, one being "An Introduction to Introductions," and it will contain some hitherto unpublished portraits of Dickens taken by a friend.

Photo by Thomas Lewis, Birmingham. **Mr. G. K. Chesterton,**
In the garden of his house at Beaconsfield.
A new portrait.

Mr. Christopher Stone, whose "Scars," "They Also Serve," and "The Noise of Life" have given him place among the most promising of our younger novelists, has issued a volume of poems and prose poems that he is calling "Lusus," and Prince Alexander of Teck has consented to accept the entire proceeds from the sale of this book towards the "Prince Francis of Teck Memorial Fund" for the endowment of the Middlesex Hospital. It is published at five shillings and can be obtained from Messrs. Hatchard, Messrs. Bumpus, Messrs. Truslove & Hanson, or from Mr. Christopher Stone, The Hill, Witley, Surrey.

According to the American *Bookman*, the most popular novelist in America to-day is an Englishwoman—Mrs. Florence L. Barclay, whose story, "The Rosary," heads the list of best-selling novels in America by over a hundred points. Messrs. Putnam, who are the publishers of Mrs. Barclay's books here and in America, have published editions that total two hundred thousand copies within twelve months, and already Mrs. Barclay's new novel, "The Mistress of Shenstone," has reached its seventeenth thousand.

Almost every new month brings us the first number of a new magazine. A few months ago it was the *Tramp*, now grown into one of the brightest and most literary of the popular monthlies; then came a new quarterly, the *Beau*, the second number of which is about due; then followed *T.P.'s Magazine*, which met with an immediate success and begins the New Year with the first of a striking series of cover designs, and an attractive list of well-known contributors. Two other new magazines are the *Vineyard*, from Mr. Fifield, a new monthly very attractively produced and devoted to literature, art, and educational affairs; and the *Open Window*, a dainty monthly miscellany of stories, poems, articles, and drawings published by Mr. Locke Ellis. Neither this nor the *Vineyard* makes what is regarded as a popular appeal; but that is no reason why they should not be popular, for they are full of interest, and the taste of the general public is no such negligible quantity as some people seem to imagine.

Messrs. Herbert & Daniel are publishing a neat and useful "Music Lovers' Diary," edited by Ada M. Ingpen. It contains all the usual "Diary" information, with spaces for daily entries, and in addition gives concise biographies and portraits of famous composers, instrumentalists, conductors, and several pages of handy notes about concerts and musical recitals, and dates of first productions. For frontispiece it has a portrait of Mr. Henry S. Wood.

Mr. Arthur Ransome, who is engaged upon a new book on Hazlitt for Messrs. Methuen, would be much obliged if any one possessing original letters or unpublished documents concerning Hazlitt would kindly lend them to him for the purposes of this

work. All such letters and documents should be addressed to him, under cover to Messrs. Methuen, 36, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.; every care will be taken of them and after they have been copied they will be safely returned.

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Photo by Lizzie Caswall Smith. **Mr. Clement K. Shorter.**

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Lloyd's "Two Russian Reformers."
"Letters to my Son."
"Unexplored Spain."
Comyn's "Service and Sport in the Sudan."

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Simon the Jester.
Lauristons.
Mr. Ingleside.
The Rosary.
Rest Harrow.
The Mistress of Shenstone.
At the Villa Rose.
The City of Beautiful Nonsense.
The Dop Doctor.
Dancing Days.
The Osbornes.
The Broad Highway.
The Human Chord.
The Wonderful Bishop.
Sacrifice.
Dear Loyalty.
Princess Galva.
A Spirit of Mirth.
The Brassbounder.
The Wreck of the Golden Galleon.
The Diary of a Nobody.

For much assistance with the illustrations in this number our thanks are due to Messrs. Methuen, Messrs. Blackwood, Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., Mr. John Lane, Messrs. Constable, and Messrs. Truslove & Hanson.

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"Little Bo-Peep
Has lost her sheep
And can't tell where to find them."
Nursery Rhyme.

We also select for printing:

THE GREAT OFFENDER. BY VINCENT BROWN. (Chapman & Hall.)

"Says he, 'I'd better call agin';
Says she, 'Think likely, mister';
Thet last word prick'd him like a pin,
An'—wal, he up an' kist her."
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *The Coortin'*.

(Alice Hind, 4, North Road, Devonshire Park, Birkenhead.)

PUBLIC SCHOOL LIFE: WESTMINSTER. BY TEIGNMOUTH SHORE. (Pitman.)

"There I was birched! there I was bred!
There like a little Adam fed
From Learning's woeful tree!"
TOM HOOD, *Ode on Clapham Academy.*

(Miss A. Watson, Heathside, Fleet.)

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"So after a time this little pig died,
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From trying too hard to say Umph, umph, umph,
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Whose face, beneath her smoke-grey veil, is sad,
Perhaps because of all the weary ones
Who never in her shadow may be glad.

Proudly she waits, and in her hands she bears—
Or so man thinks—those gifts for which he cares:
Honour and wealth, and keys that open doors
Which he must pass to mount Fame's golden stairs.

Yet loved she is, though marked with many a stain,
Though blind to human loneliness and pain:
The secret of her magic power is Life,
And Life to Life shall never call in vain.

We award extra prizes of ONE BOOK each to B. MOORE, of Trevone, 41, Glenwood Road, Catford, S.E., for a good sonnet on "London, from a Suburban Hill"; and to E. M. PURKIS, of 16, Arthur Street, Gloucester, for a poem in blank verse that is somewhat extravagant and over-violent in expression, but impresses one by its evident sincerity of feeling. We also specially commend the poems sent in by G. M. Baillie Reynolds (London, W.), Beatrix Terry (London, S.W.), F. H. R. Poole (London, S.W.), Miss E. A. Pearson (Fleet), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Sophie Trevor (Bolton), Hilda W. Darlow (Chippenham), R. G. Wyatt (London, E.), Miss S. Waller (Boscombe), Mrs. Emily Yeo (Oakhampstead), J. Gregory (Bradford), Kitty Gallagher (Newport, Mon.), Ronald Harley (Birmingham), David Whitelaw (Paisley), Miss E. M. Kennedy (Southport), Carrie Lewis (Brixton, S.W.), J. H. Langlois (Leeds), H. L. Mawson (Leeds), E. H. Visiak (Brondesbury, N.W.), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Alec. W. Westmore (Liscard), Dorothy Tweedale (Southport), Rev. Fredk. Balch (Montrose), James E. Ruddle (Trowbridge), Charles Webb (King's Lynn), H. P. Bayne (Glasgow), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), C. Lewis (Brixton, S.W.), James Smith (Aberdeen), Mrs. J. E. Kirkland (Glenfarg), Laurence Tarr (East Ham, E.), Arthur Waghorn (Addiscombe), George Brown (Edinburgh), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham), E. Briggs (Old Charlton), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), and C. W. Guest (Hull).

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THE OSBORNES. BY E. F. BENSON. (Smith, Elder.)

No weighty problems here. Just one question clamouring through the book: What is the hall-mark of a true gentleman? One watches the surface qualities of the aristocratic Austells, breeding, birth, perfect manners, allied to no real nobility of heart, go down before the commonplace vulgarities of the wealthy Osbornes, who beneath their banality display the gold of genuine goodness. The book possesses inimitable touches. The picture of a perspiring Mr. O. in Venice—his resplendent "missis" entertaining the nobility—these and many others, with pathos running like a vein between, make delightful reading.

Among the best of the other reviews received are:

LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI. BY W. F. MONYPENNY. (Murray.)

Such a subject demands—one almost feels must inspire—enthusiasm. Mr. Monypenny's able and conscientious work would leave us cold if it did not leave us disappointed, perhaps a little annoyed. One longs vainly for such appreciation as Disraeli's own tribute to Lord Lyndhurst. And one regrets the impossibility of a memorable phrase from that master-craftsman of gentle ironies on the subject of his own memoir. A lightsome touch is born not made, and is tenderly akin to all humanity; so has S. G. Tallentyre evoked Voltaire. A life of Disraeli remains to be written.

(W. M. Lodge, 7, Gatestone Road, Upper Norwood.)

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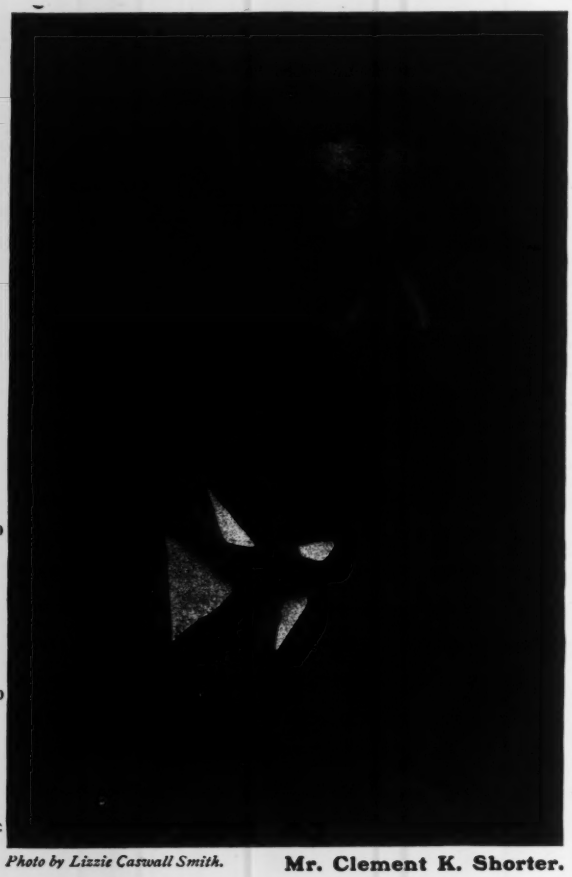

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III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than one hundred words is awarded to MISS FLORENCE DUNFORD, of 74, Osborne Road, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for the following:

THE OSBORNES. BY E. F. BENSON. (Smith, Elder.)

No weighty problems here. Just one question clamouring through the book: What is the hall-mark of a true gentleman? One watches the surface qualities of the aristocratic Austells, breeding, birth, perfect manners, allied to no real nobility of heart, go down before the commonplace vulgarities of the wealthy Osbornes, who beneath their banality display the gold of genuine goodness. The book possesses inimitable touches. The picture of a perspiring Mr. O. in Venice—his resplendent "missis" entertaining the nobility—these and many others, with pathos running like a vein between, make delightful reading.

Among the best of the other reviews received are:

LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI. BY W. F. MONYPENNY. (Murray.)

Such a subject demands—one almost feels must inspire—enthusiasm. Mr. Monypenny's able and conscientious work would leave us cold if it did not leave us disappointed, perhaps a little annoyed. One longs vainly for such appreciation as Disraeli's own tribute to Lord Lyndhurst. And one regrets the impossibility of a memorable phrase from that master-craftsman of gentle ironies on the subject of his own memoir. A lightsome touch is born not made, and is tenderly akin to all humanity; so has S. G. Tallentyre evoked Voltaire. A life of Disraeli remains to be written.

(W. M. Lodge, 7, Gatestone Road, Upper Norwood.)

CHINA UNDER THE EMPRESS DOWAGER.
By J. O. P. BLAND AND EDMUND BACKHOUSE. (Heinemann.)

This would prove a still more popular volume than it already is if the authors had chosen a style less ponderous. It is not an after-dinner volume, but demands the hour when one is alert and vigorous. The world surely has never had such a picture before of any monarch whose autocracy, tyranny, and despotism seemed to paralyse all who came beneath her power. Her strange combination of character is revealed in the barbaric treatment accorded to members of her court and her attitude towards the opium curse. The Empress should prove a most attractive study for the keen psychologist.

(A. H. Mannington Sayers, 18, Taptonville Road, Sheffield.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by J. F. Headley (Wimbledon, S.W.), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Bertha R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Ronald Harley (Birmingham), Bertha C. Priestley (London, W.C.), Sophie Trevor (Bolton), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), J. R. Ellaway (Basingstoke), Gwendoline C. Perks (Norwich), Joan Harvey Hall (Aberdeen), Effie Lane (Hampstead, N.W.), G. E. Wakerley (Nottingham), Irene Inchbold (Streatham, S.W.), E. C. Dixon (Newcastle-on-Tyne), H. P. Bayne (Glasgow), A. S. Barnard (Walsall), Miss van der Pant (Folkestone), and Miss J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to MR. WILLIAM MORRISS, of 15, Wilkinson Street, Sheffield.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

WILLIAM HALL GRIFFIN.

IT is always sad when a man who his friends hoped would be able to do much good work is cut off in his prime; it is especially sad when years have been spent on an important task and the end comes before the labour has resulted in a lasting record. Two years ago those who knew Professor Hall Griffin were shocked at his sudden death; the publication of "The Life of Robert Browning," the book which he left half-written, is some consolation, for they now know that his labours have not been wholly in vain.

Griffin was born at Rochester, U.S.A., on March 22, 1857, but his father, Colonel James Theodore Griffin, came to London when the boy was five years old. Griffin entered University College School, then in Gower Street, in 1870, and afterwards proceeded to the College, where I met him about 1878, at lectures by Henry Morley and others. He graduated at the University of London in 1880, after spending some months in Paris, but bad health necessitated a voyage to Australia and New Zealand in 1881–2. Two years later he became a master at his old school, and in 1889, after work as a University Extension lecturer, he succeeded Morley as Professor of English at Queen's College, Harley Street. There, apart from teaching, he did much good work as Bursar. In 1897 he lectured in the United States, and in 1905 he was appointed lecturer in English at the Birkbeck College. He was very popular with the members of his classes, one of whom wrote of his "irrepressible energy, unfailing good humour, genial chaff, and cheery optimism, clothed in a ruggedness of expression to which a magnetic personality gave all the meaning."

Much teaching left comparatively little time for writing; but among other things, Griffin completed (in 1895) the eleventh volume of "English Writers," left unfinished at Henry Morley's death, contributing to it chapters on several poets and dramatists, and a very useful bibliography. In 1897 he prepared a revised and enlarged edition of Mr. Austin Dobson's "Handbook of English Literature"; but his main interest during all these years was in the preparation of his work on Browning. I met him near the poet's grave at the burial in the Abbey in 1889, when he was already collecting materials; four or five years ago I found him in Venice, studying the curious old books that had been in Browning's library, and which had had so marked an influence on his poems. Every opportunity was seized by Griffin to visit scenes in Italy and elsewhere associated with Browning's life or writings, and the photographs taken by him added greatly to the interest of the lectures which he delivered, and have been of good service as illustrations to the "Life." In 1902 he prepared, for Messrs. Methuen's "Little Library," a volume of "Selections from the Early Poems of Robert Browning," with Notes and Introduction, a book which suggests how valuable would have been an annotated edition by the same hand of the whole of the works. Some articles relating to Browning were published in the *Contemporary*, and *Monthly*, and then, on December 16, 1907, Griffin died, after a week's illness. His death was hardly noticed in the Press, for he was rarely seen at literary gatherings, partly because he had little leisure, and partly because he found his chief pleasure in his home circle of wife and children and mother, who were often joined by his sister, the wife of Mr. E. V. Lucas.

Half of the "Life of Browning" was written—that is, up to the poet's marriage—and the materials for the remainder had been collected. It was decided that the papers should be entrusted to another hand, so that the book might be completed on the lines on which it had been begun, and thus as little as possible be lost to the public. Mr. H. C. Minchin, who was asked to undertake the difficult work, had had no previous experience as a biographer, but he was known as a lover of good literature, and Griffin's friends should, I think, feel grateful for the manner in which he has carried out his delicate task. Like Griffin, Mr. Minchin gave most of his time, after leaving Oxford, to teaching; but he has managed to write a short novel, "The Arcadians" (1899), and (with Mr. Robert Peel) a

book on "Oxford" (1905). Besides these, he has published "A Little Gallery of English Poets," an edition of Cowley's Essays, "Simples from Sir Thomas Browne's Garden," and biographical studies in the *Fortnightly Review*.

The "Life" which has now been published * is the standard biography of Browning. Griffin knew the poet's sister, Miss Sarianna Browning, and his son, and received much assistance from them and from many others who could furnish first-hand information. He was able to use for the first time an important "find," the diary of Alfred Domett, Browning's early friend, and the inspirer of "Waring," and the four volumes of "Letters" privately printed by Mr. T. J. Wise, besides some others that are new to the public. The great feature of the book is its careful setting-out of the facts of the poet's life, and the circumstances which led to his choice of subjects. Inaccurate statements in earlier works annoyed Griffin, especially when they were the result of copying by one writer from another, without taking the trouble to verify or make independent research. He felt that the need was not so much for more dissertations on the poems themselves and explanations of their real or supposed difficulties, as for a full and reliable account of the writer's life, of the surroundings in which he did his work, and of the sources of the poems.

Professor W. Hall Griffin.

If Griffin had lived to make full use of the materials in which he had saturated his mind, the book would, no doubt, have been richer in detail, and we should have had more that was new about the latter part of Browning's life. The account of "The Ring and the Book," for example, might have been expected, by any one who had heard Griffin lecture on the subject, to be much fuller. No doubt the notes he left on some points were meagre just because he was himself so familiar with the subject. The book gives much interesting information respecting the history of Browning's plays, and his relations to the theatre. He was essentially dramatic, and if he had lived in the days of James I. many of his poems which are not dramatic in shape would no doubt have been plays, and would therefore have been easier to follow. Much of the difficulty found in understanding some of his work is due to the rapid change of point of view, and to the condensed style, which would present no stumbling-blocks if the poems were in dramatic form. Browning's mind often moved too quickly for his pen, and obscurities due to over-condensation would largely have disappeared if the form had been dialogue.

The latter part of the volume contains well-judged remarks on Browning's character, and on his views about religion; and we are given some criticism of his work by other poets; but the earlier portion is, almost inevitably, the most valuable, because we there have the advantage of the materials having been put together by their collector with loving care, and a knowledge of his intentions which could not be possessed by any one else, and also, because in these opening chapters there is a clear account of the early environment of the boy, his education for his future work, and the influence upon him of his remarkable father, a Bank of England clerk, who took much interest in out-of-the-way learning, and collected books on many subjects by forgotten writers. Browning delighted in these works, and the existence of this library is in many cases the explanation of his choice of subjects for his poems, and of the recondite learning in which they abound. And the books merely supplemented what he learned from his father himself, in history, legends, art, music, languages. We are told that in later years Kinglake, after stopping with Browning at a country house where there was a large library, came away "quite astounded at his learning."

The new "Life" will not render obsolete the first biography, by Mrs. Sutherland Orr, because her long friendship with the poet gave a unique interest to her work; and studies like Professor Dowden's had a different aim from that of Griffin's book; but within the limits which the writer set for himself the new biography is of great value. Well ordered and well written, conspicuous for good sense and sanity, it will occupy the first place, and will not easily be superseded. Griffin's optimism, his staunchness to friends, his adherence to the good and brave and noble in life, his love of accuracy, his unaffectedness and frankness—all this brought him into sympathy with Browning's nature, and qualified him to give a truthful and sympathetic picture of the poet.

GEORGE A. AITKEN.

* "The Life of Robert Browning, with Notices of his Writings, his Family and his Friends." By W. Hall Griffin. Completed and Edited by Harry Christopher Minchin. With 37 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

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THE READER.

JOSEPH CONRAD: AN APPRECIATION.

By Perceval Gibbon.

THERE should be in many minds a fresh recollection of that evening when Captain Marlow called on the great merchant of the islands in the matter of Lord Jim, and was summoned to speak with him in the grave, lamp-lit room which housed his famous collection of butterflies. It is a property of the art of Joseph Conrad that the incidents and transactions with which it deals lodge themselves in one's memory hardly less securely than the images of one's own experience; and therefore one recalls less clearly the mere equipment of that room than the tone of the interview which took place there, and something patient and ironical in the elder man and his tale of the rare and beautiful insect in the case before him, whose capture was achieved upon a day of loss and tragedy. And as he speaks, one gains the impression that for this collector his glazed mahogany cases are repositories of memory; each of their contents perpetuates an hour; and, like the beads of a rosary, they are significant, not in themselves, but in what they certify and commemorate.

The sense one gathers in the collector's room of being in the presence of a life that has been shaped and directed by many remote and exotic influences returns again at the conclusion of a re-reading of Joseph Conrad's works, for these too are the memorials of a career that drew to its goal by ways of adventurous experience. There is not one that has not its roots in actuality and was not stimulated to fruition by the ardent force of imaginative memory. "Imagination, not invention, is the supreme master of art as of life," he says in his yet uncompleted "Reminiscences," and adds thereto his theory of literature: "An imaginative and exact rendering of authentic memories may serve worthily that spirit of piety towards all things human which sanctions the conceptions of a writer of tales, and the emotions of a man reviewing his own experiences." Here, I believe, we have the key to Mr. Conrad's method. Imagination, the faculty of whole vision that sees men and women, not as detached and arbitrary figures, but as the product of circumstances, environment, heredity, and in relationship to their world and their neighbours—this enlarges and gives force to a wide and varied experience of life on many seas and in many ports. In all his books there is no figure without its *raison d'être*, its justification for existence. Here and there in his tales one meets with a man who seems for the moment unaccountable, such as Mr. Verloc in "The Secret Agent," and James Wait in "The Nigger of the *Narcissus*"; and these, by the mere fact of their hidden origin, are figures of mystery. But for the rest, his sailors and landsmen alike trail behind them unbreakable links with humanity; they have families and friends; and they are what they are for reasons which the story makes apparent. The massive Captain in "Typhoon" has a difficult wife in England, and the wife of the chief engineer lives with his mother; the two distant women set the men in a living perspective and complete them.

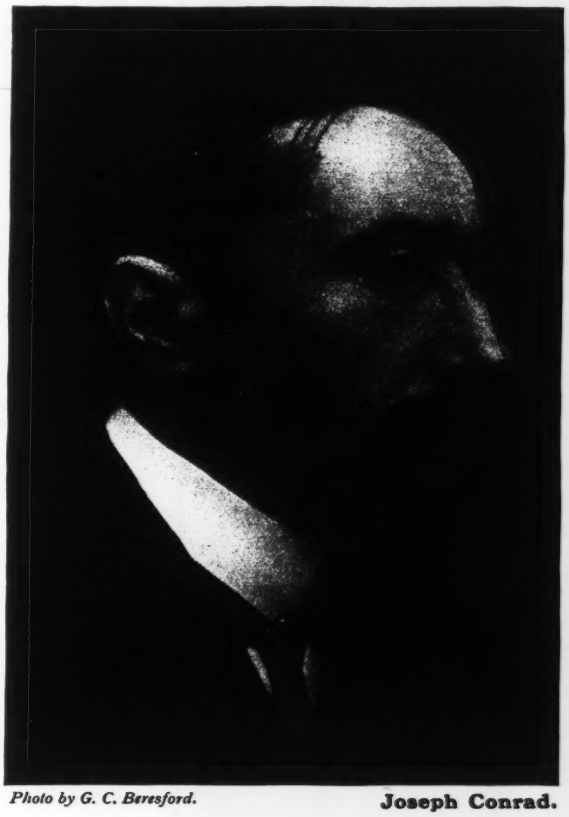


Photo by G. C. Beresford. **Joseph Conrad.**

It is fifteen years since the author first exemplified his theory of literature with the publication of "Almayer's Folly," and since then a dozen volumes have made their appearance to further confirm it. The book had a success, as it could scarcely fail to have, if only for the sake of its sweet and pliant prose; but it also served to forecast the tendencies and preoccupations of the new force in English literature which its advent announced. Written partly at sea, partly in London lodgings, it had none of the immaturity which is the token of literary callowness; re-read in the light of Mr. Conrad's later achievements, it is still a true "Conrad," and its subject, fatherhood, is one that still engages him. Here, already, we see figures

moving against a dark and mighty background; Almayer comes into view and is thrown into higher relief by his surroundings; and while he broods upon the verandah of his "new but already decaying" house, his eyes dwell on the great river flowing past, "indifferent and hurried." Here, too, is that art of rendering the *flavour* of a situation, of reproducing the impression which results from the total of its ingredients, so that the reader gains from it the mood, the hue of thought, which a spectator or actor would carry from the scene. It is, I think, in "Lord Jim" that this delicate and illuminating faculty gains its highest expression; that wonderful book, shifting its scene among the ports of Mr. Conrad's Islands, lighting up like the moving beam of a search-light one thronged arena of action after another, is a monument alike to the power and acuteness of his observation and the vital force of his imagination. A hundred pages from it suggest themselves as illustrations of those qualities which are peculiarly Mr. Conrad's; it is a treasure-house whose varied riches bewilder selection, and one is reduced to an arbitrary choice. Take then those pages which describe the abandonment of the pilgrim steamship, when one moment was sufficient to undo and unmake a man. With what a vastness of conception the crisis is set out! We perceive the gallop of panic-stricken minds, goaded to a frightful apprehensive lucidity, so that each passing instant is gravid with its incident; and the slow march of the event itself, intolerably delaying the dreaded climax. And for a further commentary, take also Captain Marlow's meeting with the French lieutenant in the Australian café, when the finding and salvage of the steamboat is related. The lieutenant had the look of a curé, elderly and mild, and the mind of a seaman and a gentleman. One sees him in his chair, with his glass before him, and hears the deliberation of his speech; he is a finished figure, a man based solidly on reality, whom one can summon before one's eyes at will.

It is no part of my purpose to attempt a commentary on each of Mr. Conrad's works, but no treatment of this subject could be adequate which omitted mention of "The Nigger of the *Narcissus*." Though Mr. Conrad is commonly referred to as a sea-writer, this is the only full-length novel of the sea which he has yet written, unless one takes into account "Typhoon," which, besides being shorter, has more the character of a long "short story." But "The Nigger of the *Narcissus*" is a thing unique, a *genre* in itself; no other writer has attempted anything of the kind. From Bombay harbour to London Docks the voyage of the full-rigged ship *Narcissus* is the theme. With the strictest fidelity to truth, Mr. Conrad takes his vessel under sail from the neighbourhood of the land, and all that belongs there; he carries no women aboard to make tragedy and leaves none behind for the sake of sentiment. The vicissitudes of deep water and the humanity of seamen are his materials, and there is also James Wait, the nigger, with his pose of a dying man and the real death creeping upon him. And there is always the ship present like a living personality, the domesticity of her fo'c'sle and the statecraft of her officers. It is the life of the sea as men know it who have carried their straw mattresses on board, and made a bunk the temporary headquarters of their lives, as Mr. Conrad was wont to do in his time, before he reached the status of an officer and was on his way to a command; and because his dependence is upon imagination, the inspired and sympathetic vision that enlarges truth and gives it "effective existence," and not upon invention alone, "The Nigger of the *Narcissus*" is a document as well as a work of art.

It is a wide and crowded world which lies open in the pages of these books, and unforgettable characters inhabit it. Nostromo with his good name, to which he has sacrificed his opportunities of fortune; Captain Whalley, going blind upon the bridge of the *Sofala*; Kurtz, in "Heart of Darkness"; Comrade Ossipon, in "The Secret Agent," with his curls and his shoddy soul; poor Falk, who could not live down his meal of human flesh; and very many others—they are the material upon which Mr. Conrad exercises that spirit of piety towards all things human which is a part of his literary creed. He has assembled them from their wharves and decks and hiding-places, and set them forth in an English as distinguished and characteristic as it is apt and lucid, so that for many of them their place is definite and permanent in the literature of the language. They are the specimens which he has acquired in many years of man-collecting; and the wonder and perfection of them signalises a life that has not passed in conventional roads of development.

When Mr. Conrad "passed for master," he tells in his "Reminiscences," the examiner who signed his certificate—"he was short, plump, with a round, soft face in grey, fluffy whiskers, and fresh, loquacious lips"—remarked that he had never heard of a sailor of Mr. Conrad's nationality in "our service." That was because Mr. Conrad was by birth a Pole, the native of a country which has no seaboard, whose people are purely agricultural. The boy who was eventually to find a foremost place as an English writer had far enough to go before he could realise his ambition to become a British seaman. In the "Reminiscences," he explains that this ambition was not regarded as reasonable by his relatives, and a tutor was specially charged with the duty of talking it out of him during a walking tour in Switzerland. The tutor, however, saw light and at last desisted, and the next stage in the lad's career was a friendship with pilots at Marseilles, who suffered him to accompany them to sea in the cutter. From there, his course was plain; he shipped in English ships consistently, gained English certificates and attained a command. How he first saw the East, whose glamour had been a summons to him, he related in his own manner in that fine story, "Youth." The end of it came while "Almayer's Folly" was yet unfinished, a packet of manuscript that went with him from ship to ship and ashore. It travelled in his baggage to the Congo, and gained its eighth chapter in the establishment of Champnel at Geneva, and a ninth during the

intervals of managing a waterside warehouse in London. It was submitted to the judgment of a passenger "for his health" on the ship *Torrens*, outward bound to Australia. It acquired a faded look and an ancient yellowish complexion. It was begun in 1889 and finished in 1894, and published at last in the following year, when Mr. Conrad had turned his back upon the sea and its uneven fortunes.

The latest of his works, apart from short stories which have still to be collected into book-form, is "Under Western Eyes," which is now appearing serially in the *English Review*. It is a study of Russian minds and personalities in St. Petersburg and Geneva, and the opening instalment realises all those expectations which one brings to the reading of a work by Mr. Conrad.

A great art, a great genius that spends himself in the practice of it, and therewith a personality of the most engaging urbanity and charm—these are Joseph Conrad. He is now fifty-two years of age, a bearded man of middle stature, with a Latin vivacity of manner and speech. Years about decks and aloft have helped to shape him; as he sits at table or moves in the rooms of his pleasant house in Kent, to which the winds come fresh from the Channel, he has the bearing of a seaman, the pucker of the eyes, the spaciousness of gesture and look; and these do not detract from a certain pliancy and adroitness which signalise the man schooled in social amenities and at home in the world. He has found the place in life that was due to him and friends who can do justice to his achievement. He is one of those aristocrats in our literature who have never stooped below the level of their powers, whose standards of endeavour have never been adjusted to the expediency of the moment. Thomas Hardy and Henry James are of that company; Meredith has passed from its ranks. In such hands as these rest the dignity and security of contemporary letters; they are not the less secure for the service and fidelity of Joseph Conrad.

BROWNING.

BY PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY.

WHEN a reviewer has to deal with a book begun by one hand and finished by another, he always finds himself in a certain difficulty, unless definite information can be and is given as to where "the flats join." Mr. Minchin tells us that the late Professor Hall Griffin had "written rather more than half" of his projected work* when his fatal illness came upon him; but he does not tell us where the pen dropped nor whether the work was up to that point practically ready for press and thenceforward in "materials" only, or whether Mr. Griffin, as many men (perhaps the majority) use, had wholly or nearly finished later parts without fitting them on to a context. The matter is not of the first importance; but it is of some. One seems to discern slight differences of handling towards the end of the book. The editor and continuator himself says that "no systematic interpretation [of the poems] was contemplated, nor any detailed criticism," and this is amply borne out in the earlier part of the book, but less so in the later. Now, whether this is due to a difference between Mr. Griffin's part and Mr. Minchin's part, or whether Mr. Griffin had not revised his own later work, we do not know. So again in reference to "Paracelsus" and one or two other early things, there is a most sensible warning (much needed by some Browningites) that the poet is not to be credited with any extraordinary erudition on his subject,

Robert Browning in 1859.

From the drawing by Field Talfourd in the National Portrait Gallery.
From "The Life of Robert Browning," by W. Hall Griffin. (Methuen.)

* "The Life of Robert Browning, with Notices of his Writings, his Family and his Friends." By W. Hall Griffin. Completed and Edited by Harry Christopher Minchin. 12*s.* 6*d.* net. (Methuen.)

though no doubt he was a wide and rather curious reader. At the other end we are told, more after the usual fashion, that "Aristophanes' Apology" "shows extensive knowledge" of the scholiasts, etc., and that Browning was "widely read in Rabbinical lore." Yet elsewhere it is said that though he had once, like other people, known some Hebrew, he had dropped it: and the scholiasts on Aristophanes, before Mr. Rutherford's labours, were comprised in one decidedly if sometimes gracelessly amusing volume of no enormous size, which anybody with a fair schoolboy knowledge of Greek could master in very little time. These remarks are made, not in the least with the intention of belittling the poet's reading, which was undoubtedly extensive and peculiar, but only to show that the

Robert Browning.

From the painting by Watts in the National Portrait Gallery.

standard of criticism adopted is not quite the same throughout.

The point, as has been said, is of some slight importance: for it is clear that in Mr. Hall Griffin's own plan, while appreciative criticism did not take the first or even a very prominent place, the discovery and exposition of literary sources, originals, etc., held a very high one indeed. He was himself a good critic in the proper sense; but he was more inclined than some good critics are to that useful hewing of wood and drawing of water, which, unluckily, in some of its practitioners seems to take the place of what it should supplement or prelude only. When it fell to him, fifteen years ago, by one of those odd anticipatory coincidences which are not infrequent, to do to Professor Henry Morley the same service in completing "English Writers" which Mr. Minchin has now rendered to himself, the bibliography which he appended

Photo by Walter Dexter. **No. 50, Wimpole Street.**

Where Elizabeth Barrett lived with her parents until her marriage with Browning.

to that work was a signal example of patient and successful labour. He had also perhaps caught from Mr. Morley a fancy for paying particular attention to "surroundings," origins and the like. This, which in the master frequently led to a rather bewildering diffuseness and desultoriness in regard to the large subjects he treated, was corrected in the pupil, partly by the possession of a more strictly critical faculty, but still more by the devotion of his studies to more limited

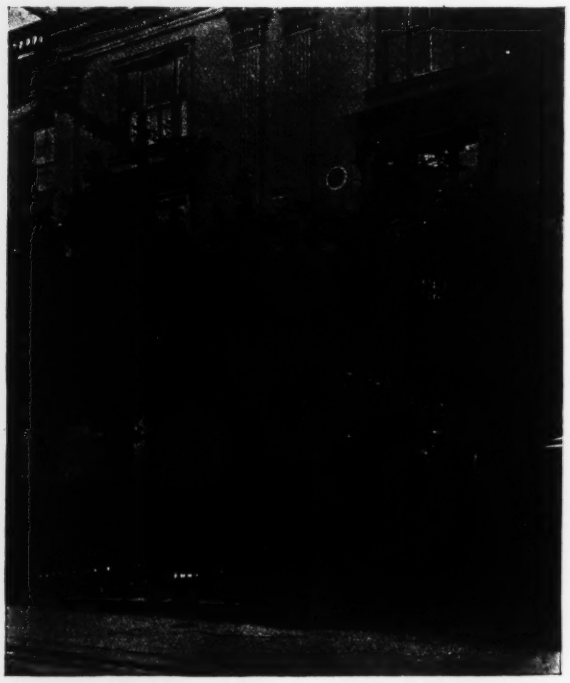


Photo by Walter Dexter. **No. 19, Warwick Crescent, Paddington.**

Where Browning lived from 1866 until 1887.

special subjects. When, in a history of English Literature, you write twenty-five pages in one volume about Frederick the Second and Dante, fifteen in another about Bernard of Clairvaux and Marsilius of Padua, the longing for return to the actual muttons becomes almost unbearably strong in the average reader, even if he is not, as the simpler sort may be, hopelessly puzzled and put out by the divagation. But when, in dealing with work like Browning's, you give some account of the out-of-the-way books in his father's library, and the long-past ruralities of Camberwell, and the scenes of travel that are so constantly reflected in the most autobiographical of all poetry, you are on the right track, and doing work that is useful as well as pleasant. Also, as has been indicated on one point, Mr. Griffin had a sound notion of the laws of evidence. He was not like the Germans who have constructed a complete biography for Thackeray out of "Pendennis," or the Englishmen who have played the same trick with the sonnets and the plays of Shakespeare. He knew the subtle process of "*dis*realising" which goes on in almost every great writer, and in all the very greatest—the mixture of the fictitious with the real, the transformation of suggestion into art. And if we seem to see somewhat less of these processes, critical and corrective, in the later part of the book, it is no ill compliment to Mr. Minchin. No man can step into another's shoes without altering the shape of those shoes somewhat; no one can weave the unfinished web without some modification of the texture of thread and thrum.

Still, the combined work has given us, beyond all doubt, the fullest and most satisfactory biography proper of Browning that we possess. It may be that, if Mr. Griffin had completed it himself, it would have been rather longer—the last thirty years of work are hardly treated with the same minuteness of inquiry into circumstances as the first twenty or five and twenty. But perhaps this is an unfair construction put on the facts furnished to us. The sources of information are abundant, and of the best quality—all or most of the plentiful published literature, the privately printed letter-collections of Mr. Wise, unprinted correspondence further supplied by Mr. Barrett Browning, the MS. Diary of Alfred Domett, Mr. Griffin's own careful pilgrimages to sites and scenes at home and abroad, his examinations of the family library and archives at the Palazzo Rezzonico—all sorts of good stuff. One has here almost everything that one has any business to know about Browning and his life and his books—that is to say, the externalities of these books, for as has been said, the amount of actual criticism has been judiciously restricted. From certain points of view the reader would be unreasonable to ask for a better Life.

And yet the effect of reading it, in some cases, may be a little paradoxical. To some readers, Browning

Robert Browning.

By Professor Legros.

(In the Victoria and Albert Museum.)

Mrs. Browning's Loggia.

From "The Life of Robert Browning," by W. Hall Griffin. (Methuen.)

the poet may have been thoroughly conceivable since they first read him in bulk (as far as was at that time possible) nearly fifty years ago: and all through the additions of work which were made for half that time afterwards. From "Paracelsus" (it would not be correct to say "Pauline," for that is antenatal, though embryologically true to what follows) to "Asolando," the attitude which makes the poet is always clear enough, myriad in number, and infinite in form and colour, as may be the objects upon which that attitude is turned. It does not evade our question by transcending it, like Shakespeare's, or disguise itself within an intensity of artistry like Tennyson's. It walks and talks with us—affable, familiar, inquisitive, courageous, "bating no jot of heart and hope," quite ready to blaze into poetry at any moment, requiring good wits to keep pace with it and comprehend it, but certainly not in any way incomprehensible — except in so far as all great poets are.

Robert Browning in 1879.
From a portrait by Rudolph Lehmann in the National Portrait Gallery.

On the other hand the present reviewer, who, as it happened, never knew either Browning or Tennyson personally, has, from accounts published or unpublished, a pretty clear idea of Tennyson as a man, but hardly any of Browning, in spite of all the books he has read on the subject, including this, which is *uberrimus fructuosissimusque*, as Cicero says, in detail. It is as if, in his own contrast slightly altered, Browning had kept his "shop" open and his "house" shut—which after all, from the two poems themselves, is not unlikely. There are three salient personal facts about him: his justification of the "dead shepherd's saw" by his love at first sight and for ever as regards Elizabeth Barrett; the curious outbursts of undisciplined rage which are recorded as regards Forster and the man who bullied his wife at a dinner-party (where Browning's righteous indignation seems to have been as childishly shown as it was manfully felt), and the splutter in "Pacchiarotto," and the thrice unlucky FitzGerald sonnet; finally, his strange tolerance of the "Browning Society" absurdities. These things are not inconsistent and they represent an exceedingly human specimen of humanity, but far from a specially individual one. At least so it may seem to some. Others may be more fortunate; and they will have almost every possible assistance in this book.

"La Salive," overlooking the Arve and the Rhone.
From "The Life of Robert Browning," by W. Hall Griffin. (Methuen.)

A good sample of Mr. Hall Griffin's explorations and discoveries may be found in the case of Nathaniel Wanley's "Wonders of the Little World" (1678), which the elder Robert had in his library and from which his son seems to have drawn out-of-the-way subjects throughout his life. On the other hand, it was perhaps hardly necessary to indicate the "Biographie Universelle." Everybody used to go, and many people go still, to that useful mine: and one might almost as well follow the baser sort of Browningite in giving references to Lemprière. The irony, as Mr. Griffin not unnaturally calls it, of Browning's pious mother purchasing Shelley's poems for him when a boy might have been paralleled by that of Théophile

Gautier's most respectable parent locking him in to write "Mademoiselle de Maupin." On p. 70, Mr. Minchin will doubtless correct in his next edition "Couring" to "Conring," or people who know the learned "Conringius" very well may mistake him. One of the most interesting passages of the book is the careful and unusually conclusive inquiry into the circumstances which made "Sordello"—originally planned as a "popular" poem—what it is. But one wishes that Mr. Griffin had not called the metre of the intrusive Mrs. Busk "tetrameter," which it is not, but dimeter. It is difficult to think of anything odder in the anecdotic history of poetry than the elder Browning's scenario for "Sordello" itself (p. 99). The unfortunately decreasing knowledge of the Bible is illustrated by the remark that the symbolism of "Bells and Pomegranates" is "not obvious," but "becomes rather clearer" in reading the passage of Exodus which suggested it, and where, by the way, the rhythm has been spoilt in quotation by omitting the reduplication of "a golden bell and a pomegranate." The meaning of the title was obvious to some, who were not born when the first part appeared, long before they ever read the poems published under it. But as Mr. Toobad might have observed, "Nobody seems to know anything that is worth knowing now." The writer once had to explain to a subordinate member of the Government of the day and to a well-known newspaper editor what the "disappointing little book in the Revelations" meant.

Does the metre of "The Glove" "jar"? Not on some people. But "The Romaunt of Margret" does jar dreadfully on these same. One can no more do with the *a* in that poem than one could do without it in "The Forsaken Merman." Mr. Griffin seems to have been to some extent puzzled by the contrast of Mrs. Browning's effusive Italomania with her husband's few (and latterly almost non-existent) utterances on the subject. But Browning's common sense, which was very considerable, is surely a sufficient explanation. Why should it be "curious enough" that "to Swinburne Euripides was anathema"? Many very respectable and rather clever people—one Aristophanes might be noted—have been, and are, in at least two minds about the "Third Poet." One of the most interesting things in the Domett diary is an entry in 1873 telling us that Browning apologised for the rhyme "you" and "dew" at only two lines interval in the blank verse of "Paracelsus" and that Domett thought him "hypercritical." Of course the poet was right, and the New Zealand Prime Minister utterly wrong: and the thing is valuable as showing how thoroughly correct Browning's ear became. In fact, the author of "Ranolf and Amohia" does not seem to have shone in criticism. After telling us, what one is sorry to hear, that Browning thought Rossetti (an old and good friend) "affected" in his poetry, he stigmatises the "warming" of the bar of Heaven by the Blessed Damozel's "arm" (it was her bosom, as a matter of fact) as "absurd" and "originally and better" given in "Sordello" where Palma throws her scarf with "her neck's warmth and all."

> "After this, one's glad that Waring
> Did not take to critic-faring."

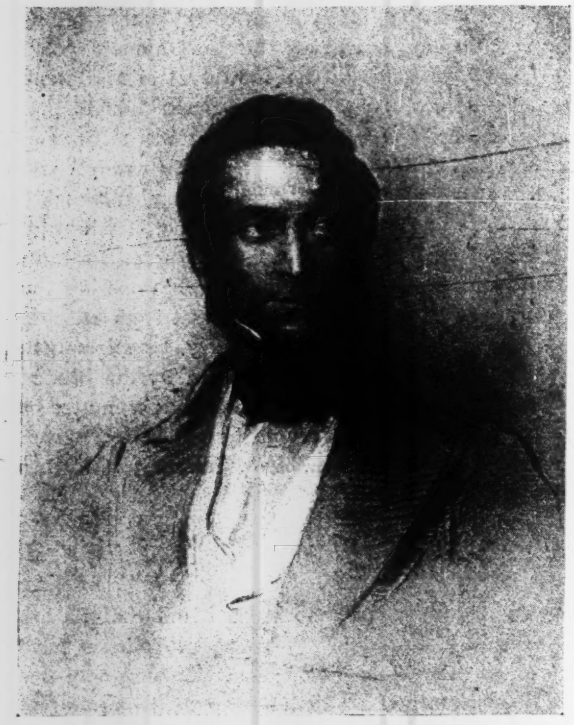
It is an odd compliment to tell a friend that he has "originated" an "absurdity"; the two phrases have little or nothing in common; and God help any one who does not see the added beauty of the suggestion of the cold gold bar of passionless Heaven, with the dread waste of Space and Time beyond it, warmed by the contact of the blessed flesh. The Honourable Alfred Domett must have had little sympathy with Folquet and Cunizza, or indeed with the whole of their canto.

Of at all serious mistakes of facts we have noticed few, perhaps only one. To say that William Morris's "Defence of Guenevere" appeared in 1875 is to be seventeen years after the fair. But these things are practically inevitable in a first edition; and nothing that has been said here interferes in the least with the expression of very hearty thanks to Mr. Minchin for preventing what would have been a real calamity—the loss of this full, accurate, and well-arranged book. His task was, as he says, "delicate and honourable," but it was also one much more likely to meet with criticism than with cordial recognition. If there has been here hinted a very little of the former, the latter can be given in full measure and without any hesitation.

THE GREATEST OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERALS OF INDIA.

By GEORGE SMITH, C.I.E., LL.D.

SINCE Warren Hastings was appointed the first Governor-General of India on October 20, 1774, the greatest office in the Empire next to that of the Prime Minister has been held by twenty-seven statesmen, including the fourth Earl of Minto, who has just completed his memorable administration. Of these, reckoning Lord Canning once only, sixteen were Governors-General under the East India Company, and eleven were also Viceroys of the Crown. Of the former Lord Amherst and Lord Auckland have come down to history undistinguished, save by wasteful expenditure and such a disaster as the First Afghan War. Of the Viceroys Lord Lytton is responsible for the Second Afghan War, and the Marquess of Ripon's administration was as weak as that of Lord Amherst. The great political parties of the State divide the responsibility for these four failures. That so many should have proved more or less brilliant rulers for the good of



Lord Dalhousie.
From the engraving by H. Robinson after G. Richmond.

humanity during a period of one hundred and thirty-six years, creating, saving, and extending the marvellous Empire within an Empire, is perhaps the greatest fact in the later history of the United Kingdom.

From this roll of the twenty-seven Governor-Generals three names stand out—Warren Hastings (1774–85), the Marquess Wellesley (1798–1805), and the Marquess of Dalhousie (1848–56). The first holds a position of his own—that of the pioneer, with unique opportunities and advantages. He may be placed beside (Colonel Robert) Lord Clive (1765–7), who after his brilliant conquests was the third last of the twenty-four "Presidents and Governors of Fort William in Bengal" from its establishment as a Presidency in 1700. The question who was the greater of the two Marquesses, the Irish Wellesley or the Scottish Dalhousie, has been in the balance, till the publication of the Private Letters of the latter, fifty years after his death on December 19, 1860. When preparing an estimate of his career for the "Encyclopædia Britannica" in 1876 I was privileged by his daughter, the Lady Susan, to consult his daily "Journal," then preserved in Colstoun House, and to verify certain points in the controversy with the erratic Commander-in-Chief, Sir Charles Napier. Since that time, in 1904, Sir William Lee-Warner, K.C.S.I., has published "The Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie, K.T." in two volumes. Based on the official documents and only consulting "the diary kept by Lord Dalhousie from boyhood up to the day of his leaving India," that work is a storehouse of information and criticism. But its author did not personally know Dalhousie, nor was he in India at the time of the brilliant eight years' administration, while his service was confined to Western India. Now that the fifty years' embargo on the publication of the diary or "Journal" as well as the Letters has ceased, all the materials are available for a full and careful study of the great Marquess—for the preparation of a complete biography worthy of the great Scotsman, of his powerful personality, his devotion to duty to which he sacrificed his young life, and his, as yet, unequalled services to his country and to the Empire.

Meanwhile this edition of the Private Letters prepared by Mr. J. G. A. Baird,* who married Dalhousie's eldest granddaughter, satisfactorily supplies further data for a really adequate Life of the man and the statesman, such as Sir G. O. Trevelyan might be tempted to write. This revelation of his personality is unmatched in literature, biographical or autobiographical, although he died at forty-eight after the busiest and most responsible of careers alike as Cabinet Minister and Governor-General. Spared just long enough after the Mutiny of 1857 to suffer from the ignorant misrepresentation of his policy, and the neglect of his services by his country, as such, though not by his Sovereign, he shut up his defence for half a century. It now falls to posterity to do him that justice which such experts among his contemporaries as the great Duke of Wellington and the late Duke of Argyll did not fail to render.

Unconsciously young Dalhousie strikes the key-note of his character in one of the earliest letters to his old

* "Private Letters of the Marquess of Dalhousie." Edited by J. G. A. Baird. With Portraits and Illustrations. 15s. net. (William Blackwood & Sons.)

Christian, Countess of Dalhousie.
From "Private Letters of the Marquess of Dalhousie." (Blackwood.)

friend and his father's friend, Sir George Couper, Bart., in March, 1838, on the death of his father:

"The advantages natural and acquired which I possess *may* be, as you say, superior to his. . . . In one point at least I will not soil his memory, bright as it is, for in a strict adherence to his manly straightforwardness, in a firm adherence to principles of honour and integrity, and in a jealous adherence to the path of honour I will not be surpassed even by him. There is no boasting in what I say, for all this is within any man's power who desires to live as a Christian and a gentleman."

The Marquess of Dalhousie on "Maharajah" entering Camp at Cawnpore, 1852.
From "Private Letters of the Marquess of Dalhousie." (Blackwood.)

Six years after the beginning of his Governor-Generalship he writes:

"You say that I have cause for thankfulness that the blessing has rested on my administration. Most true, and I am deeply, devoutly thankful. It is my belief that the blessing has so rested for four reasons: (1) Because I have never undertaken anything which in my soul I did not believe to be honestly right; (2) Because when I had once resolved upon it, I fought with all my human might and main to accomplish it; (3) Because I always wished, and I believe I seldom failed, to ask God's blessing on the fight; and (4) Because I have *never* failed, publicly and privately, to give Him the glory when all was done. I know very well that I am no better than my neighbours—worse than many of them—and good for nothing at all in His pure sight; but He has said, 'Ask and ye shall receive'; and having done so through my public life, in which with no extraordinary abilities I have gained as much reputation and honour as most men at forty-two, I feel implicit faith in that Refuge."

When Lord Ramsay, M.P., and an Elder in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, in 1839 he severed his friendship with Dr. Chalmers in the Disruption controversy, on the ground that the Church ought to obey the law of the land. This he did not because he was an Erastian, for, as is now explained, if the Evangelical party got an Act of Parliament embodying their veto resolution, "I am ready to act with them, to act under them, to act for them in any way in which I can serve them." His personal devotion to Christianity was splendidly and wisely illustrated on the conversion of the young Maharaja Duleep Singh, and that Sikh Prince's baptism by a Government chaplain. "I look upon him as in some sort my son. . . . I earnestly desire that this boy should make a good impression in England, and equally so that he should not be spoiled and made a fool of." Unfortunately this is what happened, and the result was, in the end, a tragedy.* The beautiful lad, of whom G. Beechey's portrait is here given, was a special favourite of Queen Victoria, whose gracious regard ever went out to his Highness. This letter, dated Government House, March 12, 1853, reveals Lord Dalhousie's inner life:

"A strange and interesting event has now to be recorded in the history of India, for it is well worthy of a place there—I mean the baptism of Maharaja Duleep Singh. He was baptized publicly but unostentatiously in his own house on the 8th in the presence of his own servants and of the principal residents of Futtegurh. I have told you from time to time of the course of the boy's conversion. I am convinced that, if ever the shadow of the hand of God was made visible to mortal sight, in a human transaction of these later days, it has been visible here in the turning of the boy's heart from darkness to light. This is the first Indian Prince of the many who have succumbed to our power, or have acknowledged it, that has adopted the faith of the stranger. Who shall say to what it may not lead? God prosper the seed and multiply it. I have never, from the hour in which I signed the decree, had one moment's hesitation or doubt as to the justice or necessity of my act in dethroning the boy. If I had had such a doubt, the sight of the blessed result for him, to which that act has led, would now have thoroughly consoled me for what I did then. As it is, my mind is doubly content as to what he lost; immeasurably content as to the gain he has found in his loss."

Among many other subjects, civil and military, on which new light is thrown by this volume, is Education, and especially that of Hindu women. James Thomason, Lieutenant-Governor of what is now the United Provinces, was a hero of Dalhousie's, of whose

* His son, Prince Victor Duleep Singh, was educated at Eton, Sandhurst, and Trinity College, Cambridge; has been an officer of the 1st Royal Dragoons for years, and in 1898 married Lady Anne, youngest daughter of the Earl of Coventry. His mother, the Maharani, was the daughter of a German merchant in Egypt whom his father first saw when visiting the School of the American Presbyterians, whose missionaries had been the means of his conversion at Futtegurh. To the last he showed his regard for them.

Sirdar Chutter Singh.
From "Private Letters of the Marquess of Dalhousie." (Blackwood.)

death he wrote—"for him it is a great gain. I wish I was where he is." Alike in that civilian's devotion to the education of the people in their mother tongue and in carrying out the great Dispatch of 1854, Dalhousie started India on those reforms which have culminated in Lord Curzon's and Lord Minto's. When the law member of his Council, Mr. Bethune, left Calcutta and ceased to support the Girls' School which bears his name, the Governor-General maintained it out of his own pocket. His answer to the critics of the annexation of lapsed States is this:

"When a Principality so falls (by lapse for want of heirs) to our disposal it does seem to me cruel to hand over its inhabitants to be squeezed and skinned by a native despot merely that our own subjects may be able to compare their own lot favourably with that of those whom we have abandoned."

It is long since he was attacked as responsible for the Mutiny of 1857; his answers in these Letters are as effective as they are noble. His references to his subordinates are full of interest and generosity, unless, perhaps, in the case of Henry Lawrence, though even there he was right in his preference of the younger brother, the great John Lawrence, as an administrator. He puts Lord Canning in the right place in history, between those who would have recalled that first Viceroy and those who exaggerate his services. The application of the Press Gagging Act to the *Friend of India* Dalhousie emphatically condemns, and likewise Canning's Oudh confiscation proclamation and his dilatoriness in disarming its people. We now learn that the famous dispatches protesting against the reduction of the European Army in India, which were first pigeon-holed in the India Office, were finally lost in Lord Canning's hands. New light is thrown on Outram and other Anglo-Indian administrators, as well as on such incompetent Secretaries of State as Lord Broughton (Board of Control), Mr. Vernon Smith, and Sir C. Wood. Most interesting new facts are published on the Koh-i-Noor diamond and the Cashmere Tribute Shawls sent every year to Queen Victoria and her successors.

In the terse Minute of February 28, 1856, in which the departing Governor-General reviews in one hundred and eighty short paragraphs as many military triumphs and civil reforms, he specially characterises as "not the least important" his order requiring "annual Reports from the Presidencies and Provinces under our rule." It fell to me, along with the late Sir George Campbell and Mr. Claude Erskine, to draw up the statistical plan, ultimately adopted by Parliament also, for the great State Paper on the Moral and Material Progress of India.

I was one of the crowd of white and dark faces who saw the martyr to duty, the then dying Proconsul, leave Prinsep's Ghaut, Calcutta, in March, 1856, and can testify that "never were so many tears shed." The Most Noble the Marquess of Dalhousie's place in history is undoubtedly that of the greatest of the Governor-Generals.

New Books.

LORD ROSEBERY ON CHATHAM.*

Chatham is, perhaps, after William the Conqueror and Queen Elizabeth, the most awe-inspiring figure in English politics. For the biographer fortunate enough to possess rhetorical gifts he is an unrivalled subject. In picturesqueness and glamour his career is only surpassed by that of Disraeli. In grandeur the elder Pitt as a statesman is not only unsurpassed but unapproached. He stands alone, like a purple figure among dun-coloured mediocrities. His son, the pilot who weathered the storm, may have done more for his country. But the younger Pitt's work can be definitely analysed and appraised. There is an element about Chatham, as there is always about a star-actor and a man of destiny, that resists analysis altogether, is incalculable. There is a mystery about the terror which he inspired among his contemporaries. When Chatham lashed himself up into a fury and began to roar, the greatest bashaws of the borough interest trembled before him as his short-lived viziers trembled in the presence of Selim the Grim. Did he appeal to the historical instinct among the spoiled nobles of his day? At any rate, they quivered under his lash like a pack of school-boys. He dominated them with his glance. They tremblingly averted their

* "Chatham: His Early Life and Connections." By Lord Rosebery. (Arthur L. Humphreys.)

eyes from his inconsistencies and his mistakes. They hardly dared to look at him above his shoe-buckle lest he should fix them with his eye and consume them with his glance. The magnificence and monstrosity of Chatham's figure have already attracted two of the greatest oratorical writers this country has produced, Lord Macaulay and Mr. Lecky. No one can read their glowing pages without falling in some measure under the potent spell of Chatham's mysterious personality. What actor upon the European stage has ever been either so impressive or so unaccountable in his entrances and exits!

Lord Rosebery, like the rest of us, must have been irresistibly attracted by the splendours of Chatham's hegemony in the years that surrounded the imperial apogee of 1759 and by the extraordinary transformation which this political enchanter effected in the hide-bound, narrow, and selfish oligarchy of 1756. By a self-denying ordinance he has confined his present book to the early life and connections of his hero, stopping short upon the very threshold of his triumphant supremacy. Like Cœur de Lion turning back from the Springs of Emmaus within a few bowshots of the mystic walls of Jerusalem, he draws off his forces at the psychological moment when preparation is merging into performance. And so we have a Pisgah glance merely of the promised land of Chatham's greatness.

Fortunately for his purpose, Lord Rosebery has a knowledge almost without an equal among contemporary historians of the political gangs and other hidden political forces of the eighteenth century. The thrusts and strains in the inner structure of politics are far more complicated even than those in the most elaborate architecture. That Lord Rosebery knew how to appraise them was shown in his admirable analysis of the majority commanded by the younger Pitt from 1784 onwards. The leviathans of Burke's time are represented in Chatham's by the Pelhams, the Grenvilles, and a few other Whig families. The hated Hanoverians wore their livery and for the most part did their bidding in exchange for a maintenance which must have appeared to the little court of Herrenhausen beyond the dreams of avarice. The maw of the big families in return gaped wider and wider for public money (the Grenvilles alone absorbed about a million), and the chances of any outsider forcing himself into a position in which he could compel a share of the spoil became more and more infinitely remote. The present book shows how Pitt, from a humble position in the House where he owed a seat to an early association with the Lyttelton and Cobham group, won his way up to a virtual dictatorship. It was easy enough for an independent member to obtain a sop in those days, but to obtain high office needed courage in attacking the charmed circle and their figure-head, and in lifting the veil of mystery which concealed their licensed peculations. Pitt saw that the only way to achieve this was to lead an appeal to the people at large against their accredited representatives. He might prove in the end only to have been leading a forlorn hope, but the attempt was worth the effort. Invective against Hanover and the minions might lead to political martyrdom on the altar of 1688, but it would distinguish him from the crowd and make him a popular figure all over England.

Pitt, as a young member of twenty-eight, attached himself to the Prince of Wales, then, as usual, in violent opposition to his father and to the Government, and became one of the most impetuous assailants of Walpole. He swelled the cry against standing armies; yet he was one of the fiercest of the mischievous band who by their furious declamations drove the country into the Spanish war, and brought about the fall of Walpole, whom he persecuted with an implacable resentment. Walpole falls; there is a great crash; but, when the dust clears away, it is seen that things are much as they were. Pitt appears as far as ever from power. His attacks upon the King had made him an impossible person at court. Carteret is compared to Walpole as Rehoboam to Solomon, and nicknamed the "Hanover-troop minister." All this is shown in the sequel to be mere bluff. Pitt is engaged in convincing the office-mongers that there can be no peace and security in the House without his connivance, and that the ordinary insults inseparable from parliamentary eloquence are long overdue. The Pelhams, above all others, have got to be convinced of his genius. It is true that Henry Pelham was regarded as the natural heir of the very policy of Walpole against which Pitt had thundered so unsparingly, and that his brother Newcastle had been the chief agent of the precise corruption of which Walpole had been so violently accused. Pitt was desirous of office, and the only avenue to office was the friendship of the Pelhams. With the Pelhams, accordingly, he enters into close political alliance upon the condition of their extorting a deed of oblivion from the justly offended George II. The new placeman then subsides into the position of an obedient henchman of the gang until Pelham dies, and the great political inheritance has to be divided. He who had hounded Walpole into the dust now represents a government of Walpole's political heirs and disciples. He who had made Parliament ring with denunciations of Hanover and its soldiers now votes for the increase of Hanoverians in English pay. He who had so shrilly denounced the right of search and standing armies now makes a peace without a reference to the obnoxious right, but insists that the peace shall not be used as a pretext for weakening the army. The way in which Pitt first denounces the clique, then associates with it, jumps clear of its failures, establishes a reputation in the country for righteousness, and comes back with a whip in his hand to control the pack as with a rod of iron, forms the subject of the present work.

There was certainly a good deal of alloy in Pitt's political greatness. Lord Rosebery freely admits it. He had considerably stooped to conquer. The great question, it seems, and one most difficult to decide is, Was there patriotism in all this alloy? In early days the ambition for office at all hazards seems to predominate. Later on, by 1756 at latest, Lord Rosebery concludes, the predominance of the nobler sentiment is unmistakable. His hero dreams no longer of secure possession of office, but of a Government which, free from taint or suspicion, shall appeal for the confidence of the country on the highest and purest grounds. For an answer to the open question of Chatham's career, one of the most universal and dazzling, if not of the most beneficent and ennobling in English politics, Lord Rosebery searches the records of heredity:

> "Heredity counts for much, for more than we reckon in these matters. We breed horses and cattle with careful study on that principle; the prize bull and the Derby winner are the result. With mankind we heed it little or not at all. With Pitt it was everything or almost everything. From his ancestors, most probably the Governor, who, we infer, was a free liver in a tropical climate, he derived the curse of gout. From the same progenitor he inherited a nervous, violent temperament, and some taint of madness. All this told partly for him, partly against him. The gout drove him to study and reflection, but it constantly disabled him. His temperament roused him to great heights of energy and passion both in eloquence and politics, but it also alienated his fellow-men, and made him sometimes eccentric, and sometimes turbulent. We cannot in such a matter hold a balance. What is genius? None can tell. But may it not be the result in character of the conflict of violent strains of heredity, which clash like flint and steel, and produce the divine spark?"

This passage is all interesting and it concludes with one of those incisive and divinatory phrases of which there are so many in these five hundred ample pages. At the same time it cannot, I think, be said that Lord Rosebery has succeeded in making Pitt's ancestry tell its story very clearly or decisively. The account of the Governor and his sons is too summary to be really expressive. The somewhat stilted story of Pitt's affection for his sister Nanny, growing more and more autocratic as he approaches

greatness, as told in the letters, is very well in its way. But if we compare it with the romance of Disraeli's affection for his sister "Sa," as revealed in Mr. Monypenny's volume —how pale and frigid it seems in comparison! Lord Rosebery is right—the materials for the early life of Pitt are too scanty for a complete and satisfying picture. It is not until we get to the portrait-gallery of the political personages of Pitt's day that we begin to realise the master-hand of the artistic biographer. The defence of George II. is really a triumph of fair and carefully reasoned perception. There are chapters here—I wish I could give their titles (but the book lacks these, as it lacks that prime necessity, a table of contents)—describing the kaleidoscopic period from the fall of Walpole to the established supremacy of the Pelhams, which throw a strong beam of light into one of the most obscure and dimly lit aisles in the whole of our historical edifice. The description of Hervey, Pope's "mere white curd of asses' milk," and his false testimony is brilliant. So are the portraits of the "sick baby" Newcastle, of Pulteney, Carteret, Henry Fox, Temple, Hardwicke, and Mansfield. These passages will live as among the most brilliant cameos we have of the history of the eighteenth century. There are twenty dark years and upwards left for Lord Rosebery to illumine, from 1756 down to the advent of the younger Pitt. The highest hope we have for history in England in the immediate future is that he will not lack the necessary stimulus to complete the difficult picture of the aristocratic régime which he understands and of which he is in many ways so unrivalled an exponent.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

FRANK BRANGWYN.*

At the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, where, whatever may be the sins of commission, most that is soundest and truest in modern English art is still to be seen, the work of Frank Brangwyn hangs yearly pre-eminent, beside or above the fairy charm of Charles Sims, the joyful sunshine of La Thangue, and the few other admirable things. But to call a painter prominent among contemporaries is rather like speaking—in the old phrase—of the highest hill in Essex. Brangwyn deserves some less doubtful tribute. He would be no insignificant peak even among the mountains of Wales, the birthplace of his fathers.

Deliberately, so as not to lead into undue laudation by the pride that one always feels in any excellence of one's own generation or race, I am writing these lines in the Venetian Room of the National Gallery, sitting actually in front of what has been called the greatest picture in the world. The test could hardly be more severe; yet it still seems to me that there are pictures of Brangwyn's which are not unworthy of comparison with these marvellous masterpieces of colour. Tintoretto, Veronese, or even Titian himself might greet him as a younger brother; not their peer, but one speaking a language not utterly unintelligible and corrupt.

That, at any rate, is how I think of Brangwyn, as a legitimate heir of the Renaissance. Doubtless those who understand such things (Mr. Shaw-Sparrow, for instance) find many technical excellences in his work which escape the layman or at least the layman's explanation, but its essential splendour is evident to all who are sensitive to beauty. No great picture ever appealed exclusively to the trained painter, and the belief that such is the case is a significant concomitant of decadence. It means that experiment in technique has come to be considered of more importance than perfection of result. It may need a training to enjoy the misapplied science of the impressionists or the morbid affectations of their successors; but it needs none to enjoy Titian, nor any to enjoy Brangwyn.

For what I have just called his essential splendour is not the glow of his colouring, or the breadth of his brush-work, or his great sense of design. These are only its manifestations. The soul of his art is in its vitality; and art, according to what is probably its most perfect definition, is "the expression, satisfying and abiding, of the zest of life."

This vitality is the quality which separates Brangwyn from almost every other English artist since Gainsborough, but proclaims his kinship with the big men of the Renaissance, and also with certain contemporary writers in whom, it seems to me, rests the hope of English literature. Brangwyn, and Brangwyn alone of living painters, may be ranked with Kipling, Conrad, Masefield, and the late J. M. Synge as a figure in what I like to think of as the twentieth-century English Renaissance.

Like the four men named, he has seen much of the world and of rough reality, and like them he has got a quality in his work which very nearly died with the Elizabethans. The quality is neither more or less than Gissing's "zest of life." Neither to lose their grasp on life, as the disciples of art for art's sake did, nor their sight of beauty, like the realists (who are not, properly speaking, artists at all), is the achievement of my selected band and perhaps a few others. It is also the achievement of every artist who, whatever his epoch, is really alive to-day. To live more, not less, than other men, and to feel and express the wonder of that experience is the destiny of painter and poet, sculptor and musician. It seems to be Brangwyn's destiny.

Although the artist is still a young man, he has for many years been recognised as a genius, first on the Continent and eventually in his own country. He has a long record of work, alike in easel-painting, oil and water colour, mural decoration, and etching. His style has developed on clearly marked lines. So it is not, perhaps, too soon for a book dealing with what he has so far accomplished.

Such a book, at any rate, has been written, and, it may at once be said, well written. Mr. Shaw-Sparrow has a lucid style which is peculiarly pleasant to read, and critical abilities of a high order. One may quarrel with some of his judgments. Here and there, when speaking of Brangwyn's less successful pictures, he shows an inclination to expect verdict to be passed on intention rather than on result, an attitude which might easily (though it does not) degenerate into sentimental special pleading. But this, and a rather too copious disinterment of dead newspaper criticisms, than which Mr. Shaw-Sparrow's own opinions are far more interesting, are the only points with which it is possible to find fault. The biographical side of the book relates, of course, only to matters that influence the painter's art, such as those early wander-years in which he learned the colours of the East.

Mr. Shaw-Sparrow apologises more than once for the defective impression that the coloured reproductions give of the original pictures. These apologies were hardly necessary. Undoubtedly colour-printing is a poor substitute for paint. Crowded canvases like "The Rajah's Birthday" become confused by reduction. But, on the whole, the plates in this book are as good as they could be; and if a few of those in colour leave something to be desired (though hardly achieved), those that represent the etchings are perfect. And that plates of any sort should be furnished in such numbers for the sum of half a guinea makes one wonder how it is done. A selected list of Brangwyn's pictures, a classified catalogue of the etchings, and a bibliography form useful appendices. There is also an admirable index.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

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* "Frank Brangwyn and his Work." By Walter Shaw-Sparrow. 10s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

TOLSTOY AND ANOTHER.*

What would you think if you saw in a grave, biographical essay upon, say, Joan of Arc, a sentence like this?—

"Her life and her work in the fields and in her humble home were in all respects most praiseworthy. She was a simple, godly peasant-heroine, a pattern to all her kind. Unfortunately she chose to consider herself specially called by God to save France, and, under the influence of this regrettable hallucination, deserted the work that she might have done so well, in order to undertake the deplorable enterprise of trying to give hope and salvation to her fallen countrymen. Upon the unseemly costume that she affected we will not dwell. Suffice it to say that these lost years of degradation brought her inevitably to failure and a tragic death. What a pity to see a promising life so wasted!"

I suppress (as unprintable) your probable remarks. Yet my sentence is not a whit more egregious than this which I cull (verbatim) from an elaborate obituary of Tolstoy in one of the big London dailies:

"Perhaps the regret for his death will also be mingled with a certain appreciation of the pathos which always surrounds a career that is not all it might have been, and especially when the falling off from its ultimate and highest possibilities comes, not from invincible circumstances, but from the personal weakness or wrong-headedness of the man himself. For in spite of the literary treasures with which Tolstoy endowed his country and his age, it must be confessed that for some sixteen years before his death he was a lost, a wasted, and a misspent force, the victim of his own hallucinations, a pursuer of phantoms, while there lay before him, neglected and abandoned, the vast materials out of which he could have shaped a mighty and a deathless monument. But even in this degradation of his intellect and misuse of his genius," etc.

Count Leo Tolstoy.
From "Two Russian Reformers," by J. A. T. Lloyd. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

Laugh at such a paragraph, if you will, but don't overlook its significance. Its note is the note of much that is being written just now. Those who love darkness rather than light are making their influence felt in many unsuspected ways, and, at their command, obedient Belials are always ready, in book and journal, to make the worse appear the better cause. Let us take arms against Belial, and give him no quarter! Of course, on the lower, and merely literary plane, such a view of Tolstoy is grotesque. As Mr. Lloyd points out, in this very pleasant and readable volume, there is no divorce between the author of "Anna Karanina" and the author of "Resurrection." Tolstoy's career has no jerks or angles in it; he did not suddenly turn in his course and take a new direction; his life as artist and prophet was a harmonious development, from the earliest story up to the latest tract. The celebrated "conversion," with all its attendant circumstances, was merely the visible sign of a long and gradual growth within;—he may have been converted precisely at a definite moment of a particular day; but he was "converting" for years, and the stages in his spiritual growth should be clear to any literary eye that follows critically the long line of his books, from "The Cossacks" to "What is Art?" Indeed, the supposed critic who cannot see Nekhliudov implicit in Levin and, earlier still, in Irteniev, had better abandon Tolstoy and try Mrs. Henry Wood.

The magnitude of the literary obtuseness that speaks of Tolstoy's later work as a degradation of his genius can be the better measured when we reflect that the strange potency of appeal, which made a world of readers turn to him for guidance as never before to any living writer, dates precisely from the time of this "degradation"—a degradation that took him from the literary salons and gave him to humanity. In those last years, when he was a "lost, wasted, misspent force, the victim of his own wrongheadedness and his hallucinations," Tolstoy stood before the world as that rarest of beings, a man of faith—not of mere assent, or of blind belief, or of hesitating trust, or of vague conformity to creed, but of that clear, adamantine conviction, against which the powers of hell cannot prevail. Such a faith is never barren. It begets faith in others; yet mark this: the real prophet does not merely and mechanically give faith to others: he helps them to find their own; he makes his followers believe, not in him, but in themselves. That is the value of Tolstoy to such an age as this,

"Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born."

He helps the wanderers to find themselves; and his true disciples will be those who, not blindly following him, but strengthened by his strength and enlightened by his teaching, will go forth without fear, and make their own way into the pathless beyond.

Tolstoy takes a secondary place to Turgenev in Mr. Lloyd's book—quite properly, because so much has been written in England about the former, and so little about the latter, in spite of Mrs. Garnett's excellent translation of his stories, which, by the way, Mr. Heinemann is making available to a wider public by a cheap reissue. Mr. Lloyd's description of Turgenev's early life is excellently done, and the character of his remarkable mother well drawn. The account of this autocratic lady may be specially commended to those who are inclined to idealise the rule of a benevolent aristocracy. The whole book with its aptly chosen illustrations is highly interesting; but its authority would be strengthened if Mr. Lloyd's transliteration of the Russian names were consistent. As it is, the same persons appear with differently spelt

* "Two Russian Reformers: Ivan Turgenev, Leo Tolstoy." By J. A. T. Lloyd. 10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

names in different parts of the volume. Moreover, a critic of novels should not call Skimpole Horace. However, in spite of its minor defects, the book was worth writing and is worth reading. It embodies some acute criticism and much illuminative detail, and its enthusiasm is of the right kind—the kind that sends the reader back to his originals. The title is somewhat misleading. Turgenev did much to help the cause of emancipation; but only in a very limited sense was he a reformer, and Mr. Lloyd, in spite of the title, deals with him solely as an artist.

In passing from Tolstoy to Turgenev, we pass to a lower plane of activity. Some arts—such, for instance, as painting and sculpture—represent things; others—music is the chief—present ideas or embody feelings. The peculiar glory of literature is that it can do either, and, in its highest manifestations, both. Tolstoy is an example of the double greatness, and Turgenev of the purely representative art. Turgenev's books are, in the best sense of the terms, realistic, life-like; and, on their plane—the lower plane, as I think it, believing the prophet-artist to be greater than the decorator-artist—among the best of their kind and time. Pavlovsky, describing Turgenev's reading of his own stories, has the significant sentence: "It seemed to me that he was weeping—he, who never wept." He could not weep, he could not love—there is his limitation and his condemnation; for the art that moves the world is born of passion and of tears.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?*

The marvellous powers of music are no new conception. The music of the spheres is a phrase, and a modern poet was telling of most ancient things when he wrote—

> "The winds hung motionless,
> And held their breath to hear the rebel god,
> Conquered and doomed, with stormy sobbing song,
> And crashing discords of his golden lyre,
> Reluctantly compel the walls of Troy,
> Unquarried and unhewn, in supple lines
> And massive strength to rise about the town."

The conception of the power that lies in "true-naming" is just as old. Savages hide their real names, fearing that should their enemies learn them they would use them to their bane.

But by his fusion of these two ideas, Mr. Algernon Blackwood, who has come so quickly and so triumphantly into the front rank as a master of magic, has produced an extremely new effect in fiction. There is certainly nothing hackneyed about "The Human Chord."

It is the story of the surprising adventures of a young man, one Robert Spinrobin. ("To look at, one would have believed that until the age of twenty-five he had been nameless, and that a committee had then sat upon the subject and selected the sound best suited to describe him: Spinrobin—Robert.") "As a boy he constructed so vividly in imagination that he came to believe in the living reality of his creations: for everybody and everything he found names—real names." This quality left him, of course, with childhood, and he grew up a not very remarkable young man, in whose character were juxtaposed timidity and a desire for adventure, companions common enough. When he answered a curiously worded advertisement, the experience commenced which was to make its full demand on both these characteristics.

It would not only be unfair to Mr. Blackwood, but it would also be depriving his readers of a keen pleasure of suspense, to give details of Spinrobin's uncanny and beautiful adventures in the house of Philip Skale, the astonishing retired clergyman who for twenty years had been engaged in certain tremendous experiments in sound and "true-naming" and had at length come to a point at which he needed the assistance of such a man as Spinrobin proved to be. As a matter of fact, Skale required four people to complete his Human Chord, but the other two he already had in the persons of the deaf housekeeper, Mrs. Mawle, with her mysteriously withered arm, and of Miriam. To tell the story of these four persons—there are no others in the book—thus brought together in strange communion in a great and lonely house among the mountains of South Wales is Mr. Blackwood's business.

It is ours to testify that he has told it remarkably well. His task was not easy. It must be very hard to write a good story at all, whether dealing with the realities of life or with supernatural wonders. But the fusion of the two is a supreme test of ability. The possession of that ability is what has given Mr. Blackwood his assured place among modern writers. For he so contrives that we pass from the human to the superhuman, and feel the presence of the one in the other, without any sense of discord. "The Human Chord" is full of the most tremendous things. It thrills with its unexpected and uncanny happenings. It glows at times with an unearthly beauty. But throughout there is a sweet and fresh current of humanity in which, for some, the chief charm of the book will lie. Even Skale, with his unearthly pre-occupations, is a real and human being; while Spinrobin is a most likeable little man, and Miriam, as the book goes on, grows more and more adorable. The story, indeed, symbolises the struggle between our aspirations for a diviner state and our love of the good earth. Which conquers, again, is for the reader to find out for himself. But we can promise that he will be satisfied.

* "The Human Chord." By Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Macmillan.)

PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY.*

The Harvard Professor of Psychology interests and impresses us quite apart from his psychology, which may or may not be a fulcrum whereby he is going to move this grovelling topsy-turvy world and turn it right side upwards to gaze on heaven. It looks promising, but it is all so new to me—the Vocational Schools, the Psychological Laboratory, the Vocational Bureau—that I should like to have time to go further into it and then think it over before flaunting a probably shallow criticism. That the high priest of the new Phrontisterion or Mind-Laboratory should magnify its pretensions is but as it ought to be—who else should?—"if you want your city defended," cries the honest cobbler, "there is nothing like leather." And in pedogogics America—that is, the fraction who have time to think and to listen to true prophets like the Professor—the only America which counts—certainly seems to be leaving our fumblers to grope and flounder far behind. But Prof. Münsterberg has interested me most as a phenomenal and abnormal Fish-out-of-Water—a fish who adapts himself with rare skill to the change of clement. The American atmosphere suits him just because it contains so many obscure argons and neons for analysis and theorising: he breathes and respires that troubled air as though to it born, yet never forgetful of the still waters of German thought whence he sprang. And being very much the man of the world, and from the nature of his professional work in close touch and sympathy with the practical life around him, he finds very much to say about the Americans that is new and arresting, and in most cases convincing.

* "Problems of To-day, from the Point of View of a Psychologist." By Hugo Münsterberg, M.D., Ph.D., Litt.D., LL.D. 7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

From his interesting little Preface, we gather that he began by his "American Traits," a book of first impressions, designed to familiarise his hosts with German ideals. Then he put out in Germany "The Americans," to enlighten his old compatriots. Now, he tells us, he has insensibly become an American, and the essays here collected were written by him not as a German, but simply as a psychologist. I should put it rather differently. He has not changed his German ideals so much as superadded the American. And therein seems to lie his strength of appeal. His sympathy for all that is sound and hopeful in American society amounts to a second patriotism. On the other hand, though familiarity has made certain deformities less glaring in his eyes, his German principles of reason, order, and discipline are still as adamant, and he speaks out with a bluntness which must have made him many enemies of a day, and I would fain believe as many friends for life.

Though the author's personality and attitude with the too rare references to his individual experiences attract us most, the book—most of it, not all—is extremely interesting. To discuss nine highly controversial essays on distinct subjects would mean nine separate reviews: they are always leading the reader far afield on long trains of thought. One can do little more here than enumerate. In "The Fear of Nerves" the attempt to persuade us that nerves are mostly an illusion verges sometimes on paradox, but in this first paper the author formulates some of the main tenets which he recurs to and develops later on. Thus, the most striking defect of Americans, he says, is "their lack of accuracy and thoroughness, their superficiality, the go-as-you-please character of their work," and this he ascribes—I should think rightly—to "the unwillingness to concentrate attention," a vice which infects every phase of American life. Of course a few men do concentrate, and I would suggest that the fewness of these exceptions accounts for the extreme "prominence" of the "prominent men"—millionaires, railway kings, Roosevelts, Edisons and the like. It seems the young generation can neither spell nor calculate. Take this instance from p. 206. In Cambridge, the educational Mecca, are two telegraph offices, where for years the author has sent cablegrams to Europe. The charge is a quarter of a dollar per word. The clerks are frequently changed, but *not one* has *ever once* attempted this task of dividing a small number by 4, without paper and pencil, and *two-thirds* of their attempts have been failures. The last time the young man made 9 words come to $1.87! The American schoolboy is two years behind the German; the college student takes four years to saunter through a two years' course, reads much, but knows nothing accurately. Serious editorials, serious books, serious politics, serious drama are unpopular and neglected. The cause of all this is bad education. And here is the secret. "*Involuntary* attention" is attracted by "what is shining, loud, sensational and surprising. . . . The real development of mankind lies in the growth of the *voluntary* attention, which is not passively attracted, but which turns actively to that which is important and significant and valuable in itself. *No one is born with such a power. It has to be trained and educated.*" Golden words these! The old-fashioned strict "grounding" was swept away in the reaction against ancient formalism, and America reaps the fruits of the new slipshod kindergarten, learning-made-pleasant system. Another cause of this non-concentration. A small boy asked in class by the author what most distinguished ancient from modern society replied: "Among the Romans the father was head of the family." "In America woman is the head of the family, and the head of the social life," and woman's attention is involuntary. Surely this is true. At a glance your wife grasps every detail and also a permanent mind-picture of the whole of a rival's dress or parlour, but ask her to examine carefully for you and report upon a number of articles which do not interest her, and you know too well the result. "Thank you, my dear, but perhaps I had better call to-morrow and see for myself." I can myself recall some distinctly feminine traits—for better or worse—in Americans I have known and liked, and am almost inclined to think that among our cousins every man is at heart a Suffragette.

And all this only about the first essay! The next, on "Choice of a Vocation," should be read and pondered. It is rich in sense and discernment. At present I keep an open mind, but would humbly remark that as a fact we have already for a long time examined the anatomical, physiological, and mental idiosyncrasies of our boys before choosing their vocations, at least roughly. Whether the Vocational Bureau and Schools started by Prof. Parsons, or the Psychological Laboratories from which our author promises so much, will end by putting every boy to the work for which Providence intended him—surely a desirable aim—I will not presume to doubt, for did Nelson or even Stephenson ever dream of tests for colour-blindness? In "The Market and Psychology" the same propaganda is pursued. Here I note that the advertising atmosphere has at length so hypnotised our philosopher that he seeks to apply his psychology, not to killing the incubus—advertisement adds £60,000,000 to the price of commodities in England, and in America at least five times as much—but to rendering it more artful, seductive, and deadly. His hints are shrewd enough. "Would you like the parcel sent, madam?" says the Foolish Virgin. "Wouldn't you like to take it with you?" coos the Wise One; and the female weathercock instantly turns to the suggestion—how nice to get the collarette an hour sooner to show to Ethel, or wear at dinner. The psychological newsboy does not shout, "Paper, sir?" but "Which paper?"

The immorality of the Prohibition movement—immoral in itself and still more in its effects—is boldly and exhaustively handled in two papers, where Prof. Münsterberg vindicates temperate indulgence in alcohol as a sign, an essential, and a privilege of high and healthy civilisation; which protest I, who use no stimulants, warmly endorse. The spread of certain grave moral evils in the Prohibition States must have reached most of us in whispers. I will only quote without note or comment our author's solemn warning. "I speak," he says, "as a psychotherapist whose experience covers the whole country, when I say that the spreading of cocainism and morphinism, of sexual perversion and ruinous habits among the abstainers is alarming." It is pleasant to read in "Our Friends the Spiritualists" how the Professor caught Madame Palladino, the great medium, by the foot, and of the blood-curdling Bernhardt yell which spoke her detection and ruin. But his temperate reasonings and pleadings and concessions are wasted on these people—why cast pearls before swine? For a reason which it is not lawful for me to mention, I know that the whole Spiritualist business from beginning to end is on the one side pure *conscious* fraud and lying, and on the other lying and invincible ignorance. It is not for us to expose mediums. Just appoint their fellow-conjuror, Mr. Maskelyne, like Matthew Hopkins of old, as Witch-finder General, and he would soon rid us of these vermin.

There remain three essays of special interest to bookmen. In "The Standing of Scholarship" are weighty passages which might well apply to the latest scheme for the prostitution of learning in Oxford—by the way, does Lord Curzon remember that little story in the *Cento Novelle* of the reforming pedant who dreamt that he saw the Muses *stando nel bordello*? Cheering sounds the bitter cry from across the ocean for "those official labels by which the high opinion of those who know is made widely visible to the crowd—the English knighthood for the leading scholars, the governmental decorations and titles." "Books and Bookstores" throws steady light on a subject so often handled in these columns. The booksellers' shop is fast

becoming extinct in the States. That true shrine of literature should be restored and cherished, though schools and free libraries be left to the owls and bats. And nothing, I believe, can save it but to adopt or adapt the German publishers' ring system, even though it be a restraint of trade. In "The World Language" Mr. Carnegie's Spelling Reform Board is demolished by many sound but to me novel arguments, a little justifiable national animus, some rather doubtful details, and once (p. 217) by the verbiage of specious sentiment. As to a Universal Language, I grant that no living language is possible, and that private-adventure lingoes like Volapuk and Esperanto are still more hopeless. But that the problem is insoluble, and, if solved, useless, I cannot admit. Quite possible, though it would take time. We want another century for further scientific study of phonetics and the relations of thought and language, which we call grammar. Then fifty years' labour of Commissions to build up the language, and fifty more to test it in practice and revise. Would it then be useless, a lingua franca so simple, so consistent, so terse that even savages might learn to speak and write it in three months? Moreover, if taught in every school throughout the world—this point has not occurred to our author—would it be useless, this scientific, logical, skeleton language, as an educational engine? Children would first learn to read and write it, and then begin to study their own language and later on others—and with what ease and illumination! Surely of all bilinguism this would be the best.

To Prof. Münsterberg such a discipline might indeed be useless, for he has the art of writing with propriety and spirit in an acquired language. Obviously because he took infinite pains. Pains, attention, thoroughness, cheerful drudgery—such is the burden of these essays, the thread which binds them into a real book. A book of serious moral and political import, to us English too; for smugly as we may sit down to read—and would that all might read—this indictment of American superficiality and unreasonableness, ere long will rise from our conscience the accusing whisper, *de te quoque fabula narratur*.

Y. Y.

SPELL-LAND.*

"Prudery," said an American writer in my hearing, "is no more a proof of purity than a wig is a proof of a good head of hair. In fact it is often put on to hide a bald place."

I am reminded of the saying by hearing at a library that several readers have returned "Spell-Land" on the score that it is improper. That there is a bald place anywhere in the purity of these readers, I should be the last, uncharitably, to infer; but were they more closely to analyse their impressions they would, I think, word their objection differently. It is not because they find impropriety in "Spell-Land," but because they miss—shall I say spirituality?—that the book leaves on them a painful impression. Miss Kaye-Smith's scalpel probes deeply into the primitive passions of women and men; and one who ventures thus to lay bare the raw and quivering wounds of humanity should have a divine tenderness of touch, an intensity of spirituality, which, as yet, are scarcely hers.

But of impropriety—of any attempt to gloss over sin, to paint it in alluring colours, to write of it with zest or with undue realism—I can find no trace in "Spell-Land." I grant that it is the story of a sin, and that the characters, being human, and taken mostly from Sussex farm life, are occasionally coarse in conduct and in expression. This side of their nature she faithfully pictures, just as she, as faithfully, pictures what is nobler in them. But she draws evil only to make it repellent: she shows us what is good, always in such a way that it attracts. There is nothing, even in the coarse scenes, to contaminate the mind of the reader. There is, in fact, no residue of evil at the bottom of the goblet she holds to our lips. Unlike Stevenson, who once wrote to Mr. Archer: "I would rise from the dead to preach," she essays no sermonising. None the less—or perhaps I should say, "all the more"—we lay down the book newly and profoundly convinced of the fact that sin eats into and destroys the soul, as cancer destroys the body, newly and profoundly disgusted by licence and unrighteousness, newly and profoundly awakened to the necessity of abiding inexorably by the moral law.

As a reader of Miss Kaye-Smith's three books, "The Tramping Methodist," "Starbrace," and "Spell-Land," I am, however, minded to ask the author why she should always write of unhappy lives. She knows our Sussex lanes and fields and farms as the birds and the butterflies know them by day, as the moon and the stars know them by night. Her ear has been held close to Nature's heart, and close to the hearts of our Sussex wenches and swains, our Sussex women and men. Is life's heart-beat, as heard by her, always troubled and tragic? Has she no simple, sunny story to tell of innocent courtship, of happy mated love, the longed-for coming of a little child, and the hopes and joys that centre around even a humble home? And since her work is—as the highest art must inevitably, if unconsciously, be—profoundly ethical in purpose and in tone, is it not possible (I ask her) as effectually to help and to uplift humanity by dwelling upon the happiness which comes of doing right as by brooding over the misery which comes of doing wrong?

In "fundamental brainwork" (to use a phrase of Rossetti's) and as the work of a young writer, "Spell-Land" is remarkable. The psychological analysis of the soul of a woman who could find love, of a sort, in her heart for two men, and yet could "like" less the man she "loved" more, and so marry the other, is, even if morbid and unpleasant, as striking as is the study of that same woman's seducer. For he is no ordinary sensualist, who from lust makes havoc of the life of the woman he loves. Well-meaning, but rudderless and irresponsible—when the woman he loves places herself utterly in his power, to save or to ruin, in her ignorance and her trust, he fails her, fails God, and fails himself; and, as if by the decree of an inexorable and pagan Fate, throws away the one chance of proving his love.

The picture of Claude's remorse after Emily's death is drawn with grim pathos and poignancy But the time comes when Claude's thought of the dead Emily is not all sorrowful:

> "He went to the window, and looked out. The ship of the moon was foundering in the west, and shadows of clouds sped over the fields. He thought of Nineveh (his and her home) facing that same moon, with shining windows, and his foolish brain imagined Emily standing among the hollyhocks, waiting for one who would not return. . . . The smiles, the playfulness, with which she had said good-bye, the roguery that had leapt into her eyes for the first time on her death-bed, seemed to foretell a playtime. She had had so little play, but surely, in that hour, she had heard the footsteps of children dancing at the door. . . . But now, all the contradictory elements that had weakened the arms she had stretched out to save him, lay dead in the grave where her body lay; her womanly frailty and illogicalness, her childish ignorance, and lack of judgment, her wild thing's elusiveness and mystery—all were laid aside like a garment outgrown. The memory of her was a purifying emotion, a generating emotion, not only the strongest in him, but the best in him, and like the best in every man, would raise him up at the last day. For death had joined what love had put asunder."

So ends a story which I hold to be the most remarkable work of fiction by a young writer which has been published for years. Miss Kaye-Smith may have to wait for full recognition at the hands of the public, for she

"Spell-Land." By Sheila Kaye-Smith. 6s. (George Bell & Son.)

seems to me to have something of genius, and though Oscar Wilde did not mean to be taken too seriously when he said that genius is the only quality which the public will not forgive, it is nevertheless a fact that Talent is a commercial traveller who calls upon his friend and customer, the public, many times in the course of a year, and so, being readily recognised, is assured of welcome and applause. Genius, on the other hand, is a rare and angel-visitor, strangely unfamiliar of face. The big, bustling, burly public is, at first, all too ill at ease with her, looks at her askance as something of a disturbing element, wonders why she has come, and until he has learned her station and quality, is slow to press upon her the welcome he should accord to an honoured guest.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

ARCHIBALD LITTLE'S ESSAYS.*

In a sympathetic foreword to this volume of posthumous essays Mr. Gundry claims our indulgence for certain minor blemishes due to the premature death of Mr. Little. That indulgence we were naturally prepared to give, and now, after having read through the book with the greatest care, we hasten to add that we make no virtue of forgiveness where there is so little to forgive. Mr. Little's essays are, without exception, extremely interesting. They contain much valuable information; they show a true and scholarly familiarity with the Chinese people and language; they prove—if proof were needed—that Mr. Little was gifted

Mr. Archibald Little in 1886.
From "Gleanings from Fifty Years in China," by Archibald Little. (Sampson Low)

with a forcible and expressive style; and they exhibit a catholicity of taste in their author such as we should naturally expect from one whose life was as varied as his was. It is not possible here to refer to more than one or two of these essays. In our estimation the paper dealing with the Chinese drama is one of the best in the collection. To those familiar with China it is well known that the drama there plays much the same part that it used to play in the days of ancient Athens—that is to say, it is not only recreative but has also an educational importance. Commenting upon the historical knowledge of illiterate boatmen and such like folk, Mr. Little says that at first he was puzzled to know whence they derived their information. "I at last discovered that they had learned their history in that pleasantest and most impressive of all schools, the Theatre. Elaborate historical dramas form the bulk of the performances given in the public theatre, which almost every village in China possesses, by companies of strolling players who are paid by subscriptions from the more wealthy inhabitants." But though the dramas may be elaborate, the stage and the "properties" are the very reverse. Thus one actor seated upon a chair raised upon a table will address a second actor standing upon the stage and will typify a beleaguered general parleying with the commander of the besieging force. Facts such as this and certain others which he names suggest to Mr. Little a comparison with our Elizabethan stage which we could wish he had worked out in greater detail.

Two other essays which are particularly good and should be read in conjunction with one another are those upon "Missionaries in China" and "Confucianism." Mr. Little is far from blind to the great good which missionaries have achieved, but at the same time he does not hesitate to criticise, and he is probably correct when he declares that "in order to Christianise the Confucian nations we must build upon Confucius and cannot in surety nor usefully call attention to his shortcomings. We must, in short, make Christian teaching *eclectic*, much as Christ Himself taught, if it is to gain the suffrages of thoughtful and sincere men in Japan or China."

Among the other essays reference (merely nominal though it be) should be made to those upon "Yachting in the Chusan Archipelago" and "How to Register your Trade-mark," if only to indicate in some slight measure the diversity of subjects which Mr. Little handles.

M. H. H. M.

* "Gleanings from Fifty Years in China." By Archibald Little. 7s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

GOOD GOSSIP.*

Having, three or four years ago, given us the rich harvest of her "Reminiscences," Lady Dorothy Nevill now follows it up with a scarcely less rich aftermath; or, if we wished to be less laudatory, we might say a very respectable sheaf of gleanings! Perhaps the simile of the corn is happier than that of the hay, for in the new volume we have not later reminiscences—such as an aftermath should suggest—but rather things that had been overlooked when first harvesting in the fields of memory. Lady Dorothy is indeed in this volume a most engaging gossiper, often inconsequent, but always with something to say that is interesting, frequently as much because it is recalled by one who has lived long as from anything inherently important in the thing recalled. The inconsequence is seen in the way in which in a successive series of paragraphs we jump from changing fashions in visiting-cards, by way of "concealed doors" and table decoration, to the proper "points" of Pekinese spaniels. Despite this discursiveness, perhaps in a measure because of it, we are led on from page to page and chapter to chapter finding ourselves always entertained. "The world of my childhood knew neither the telephone nor the electric light; railways were in their infancy, and the motor-car and airship undreamt of as practical possibilities." Yet the writer admits that she is not conscious of having witnessed any sudden changes, "everything, indeed, seems to have evolved by gradual steps." And in recognising this, though sometimes not unfairly critical of modern methods, she is by no means always *laudator temporis acti*.

Bright, anecdotal, and thoroughly good-humoured, this book, whether in its personal reminiscences, its letters or its *olla podrida* of out-of-the-way information, is unfailingly attractive, even fascinating; a book that may be taken up and opened anywhere with the confidence that it will afford good reading. Of glimpses, often intimate glimpses, of notable men and women of past days it has an almost kaleidoscopic variety; leaders of religion, and of political parties, and of society, literary men and artists, are all among those whom Lady Dorothy Nevill has known, and whether she is introducing letters from

* "Under Five Reigns." By Lady Dorothy Nevill. Edited by Her Son. 15s. net. (Methuen.)

Darwin, Disraeli, Lord Lytton, or John Bright, she shows the same genuine spirit of admiration; whether she is recalling some of the good things she has heard originally uttered or repeating those which she has been told, she shows a ready appreciation of humour. Her new volume is indeed a fresh storehouse of anecdote, and as such would alone deserve a welcome; but it is something more than that, for it is a kind of social miscellany of information about nineteenth-century life, and so should prove something more than the success of a season at the circulating libraries.

Referring to an old album Lady Dorothy found some verses, dated March 23, 1843, and signed "Montgomery." "Alas! I cannot now recall who this Mr. Montgomery was. I do not think that it could have been Mr. Alfred Montgomery, though he was clever man enough." The verses, "The Common Lot," are by James Montgomery. Later in her book the writer refers to a house in Dean Street, Soho, in which certain cards were found "inscribed 'Isaac Newton,' and the house had been the residence of his father-in-law, William Hogarth." Hogarth's father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill, lived, it is true, in Dean Street, but as to the artist's having any children his biographers are silent; and, wanting a daughter, it is difficult to see how he could have had a son-in-law. Old-fashioned people, says Lady Dorothy, carried passports when travelling abroad up to as recently as "the early eighties of the last century." They must carry them now if they would cross the frontiers of Russia, Servia, Roumania, and certain other countries; indeed passports still serve a useful purpose to sojourners in countries nearer home. The story told in this volume of the Abbot of Florence is that of Pope Sixtus the Fifth, which Browning made the subject of one of his poems, "The Pope and the Net," in "Asolando." Another matter that seems to call for comment is that of the following paragraph: "In connection with Thackeray and Dickens, I believe the fact of the former having, after Seymour's death, offered to contribute some sketches for *Pickwick* has passed unnoticed. The offer was rejected." Very little research in biographical sketches of Thackeray and Dickens would have shown that the fact has by no means passed unnoticed.

Such lapses are, however, not frequent, and scarcely detract from the value of the volume as a gossip-comment on men and affairs over a long series of years; as such a comment and as a rich collection of anecdotes the book will be found to have a lasting value. At times Lady Dorothy's gossip crystallises itself in epigram, as when discussing the edible fungi—that her range of subjects is extensive has already been indicated—she says: "Mushrooms are like men: the bad most closely resemble the good." Among the letters quoted is one from the late Lord Lytton giving an illustration of the danger of prophesying. Writing in 1888 of Mr. Chamberlain, Lytton said: "The future Radical Prime Minister was in excellent feather, and very pleasant and interesting."

WALTER JERROLD.

AVERAGE HUMANITY.*

Mr. Nordau has no patience with those who treat History in its present form as a serious study. According to him it ought to be regarded merely as a branch of æsthetic, and its products treated as poems or novels. He carefully distinguishes between History and Written History, and it is against Written History that his resentment is roused. He denies its claim to be a science, and is contemptuous in his treatment of those who profess to be philosophic historians, whether they are theological, humanistic, or naturalistic-materialistic. For Mr. Nordau there is no philosophy of history, and what is called collective psychology comes under the same condemnation. "There is no psychology of the crowd. Psychology is necessarily individual." He supports his view by a drastic treatment of the metaphorical method of such writers as Lilienfeld and Schäffle. No doubt these and others who adopt the "organistic method" carry their analogies to excess, and are wholly given over to hypostatisation; though it is hardly necessary to go so far as Mr. Nordau and call their performances "infamous." But it is one thing to give an overstrained anatomical description of the State: it is quite another to speak of the state as an organism, and to work out the implications of the analogy. Nor can it be said that Mr. Nordau is very happy in his attack on the psychology of the group. There is not much point in asking: "Where is the brain of this new and independent organism that arises out of the gathering together of individuals into a crowd? Where are these new impulses, passions, etc., situated? Does the new organism 'crowd' develop a new brain and nervous system?" What is all this but a scolding of the collective psychologists because they have not fallen into the infamous methods of Lilienfeld? It is not enough for Mr. Nordau to explain that there are other ways of exciting a man than by putting him in a crowd. We have to determine whether the excitement produced by forming part of a crowd is the same in its nature and results as that produced by "a battle, or a tiger out of his cage." It has to be admitted that the phenomena of crowd activity are but ill-understood at present; but it is certainly unscientific to take it for granted that the crowd is the mere total of its individual elements. "Since its material consists of individuals," Mr. Nordau draws the conclusion that its psychology "must become individual psychology." How would this line of argument fare in the discussion of the principles of chemistry?

Mr. Nordau defines History as "the sum of the episodes that make up man's struggle for existence," and the main thesis of the book may be said to be that History should "devote its attention to studying the forms, the conditions and modifications of the uneventful daily existence of average humanity." When it does this "and not till then, can it cease to be an art, a mongrel poetry, and rise to the rank of a science. But then it is no longer history in the customary sense: it becomes anthropology, ethnography, or sociology reinforced by biology, psychology, and statistics." Elsewhere the distinction is epigrammatically made: "Sociology is history without proper names; history is sociology made concrete and individual."

In the excellent chapters in which Mr. Nordau works out the basis on which average humanity is to be studied, he develops his view that the superior man's relations to his inferiors is that of parasitism. The strong and clever exploit the weak and dull. Human progress has hitherto consisted in the more or less successful efforts of the exploited to free themselves from oppression. For our author does not deny this amount of progress. There may be no development in the cosmic sense. The life of the universe may resolve itself into an endless cycle of change; but within certain closed curves there may be progress till the cycle concerned comes to an end. Thus progress so far as we can know it is confined to humanity, and consists in "an increase in the capacity to set attention in action artificially, and to sustain it by the exclusion of distracting objects. In other words, progress in the last resort is the development of the force and endurance of the human will, expressed in the intellectual spheres of attention and inhibition."

But while the subject of history is held to be average humanity, the importance of the great man is not overlooked. "Humanity lives by its men of genius." "The most prominent traits in the upper classes in France and Germany are certainly the fruit of the influence of two

* "The Interpretation of History." By Max Nordau. Translated by M. A. Hamilton. 8s. net. (Rebman.)

towering personalities—Bismarck and Napoleon—and not of any peculiarities of the French and German nations as such." If "this example justifies the conclusion that all similar peculiarities of a people or group of peoples arise in the same way—as the effect of some powerful individual unknown to us, because partly prehistoric," it is difficult to see how Mr. Nordau is entitled to scoff at Pascal's argument about the length of Cleopatra's nose. If the great man is the dominating factor, anything that deflects his energies must be of fundamental importance. Indeed it is just because of the unpredictible reactions of the great man that Mr. Nordau wants to eliminate proper names from true history, and confine it to the reactions of average humanity. The average is always so much more amenable to philosophic treatment than the troublesome individual. This is clearly brought out in the chapter on Eschatology. Here, untrammelled at last by phenomena that refuse to be reduced to laws, he launches out into a sort of schematic prophecy. He indicates in a very attractive way the probable lines of advance, but carefully avoids details, lest he should fall under the condemnation that falls upon such essays as Mr. H. G. Wells's "Anticipations." to which a passing reference is made at an earlier stage in the discussion. The State is to cease to be a soldier, and will become "a judge, a teacher, an architect, and to some extent a policeman." With the disappearance of the army and the introduction of a rational system of public instruction an ideal generation will appear whose merit may be guessed from the fact that "it will be intelligent enough to follow its money as it passes into the Exchequer, the customs-house, the bank, and the joint-stock company, and see what happens to it." A generation that can perform a feat like this will obviously "not lend itself readily to exploitation by force or fraud." Accordingly the supermen of the future—for there will still be supermen—will have to find other outlets for their energies. What is to become of such men in a society in which even the position of President or Minister offers little attraction? Mr. Nordau explains that they will always find a satisfaction in being the first men in their circle, and if the future he thus describes "seems horribly tedious," it is only "because our eyes are accustomed to regard the present aspect of humanity as picturesque." The argument is that hitherto our treatment of the future has consisted in projecting ourselves and all our present conditions into a sphere where these conditions do not hold. This error at any rate Mr. Nordau avoids.

The book is intensely interesting and provocative throughout. Even where the reader cannot agree with the views expressed, he must be grateful for the stimulus supplied by contact with an exceptionally vigorous mind.

JOHN ADAMS.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER'S NEW POEMS.*

There is no woman poet of our time whose work ranks higher than Mrs. Shorter's. Many have the gift of song; but not so many have also songs to sing. If you have had much modern verse through your hands you know that the weakness of most of it is that it has nothing to say to you; it tells no tale, carries no jewel of thought, holds no hidden beauty of meaning, is empty at the heart of it. You admire its technical skill, are mildly pleased with a pretty conceit, or the neat turn of a phrase; but there is not enough of passion, of natural feeling, of real sincerity in most of it to send any fire of life glowing through its lukewarm lines, and you forget them as soon as you have read them; not so much because they are dead, as because they have never been alive.

The charm of Mrs. Shorter's poems lies largely in their unaffectedness, their fine simplicity, their absolute spontaneity; they are as full of eager life as a flower or a bird is; through whatever other world they may go dreaming, their root and nest is always in this homely, earthy world of humanity, and some memory of it goes along with them and keeps them always in tune with human interests and experience. There are delightful lyrics in this new volume: "The Two Nests," "Unrest in Autumn," "The Gypsies' Road," "The Golden Apple," "The Piper on the Hills"—these and a half-dozen others have the innate grace, the imaginative feeling and haunting melody that belong to all true poetry, and they have a note and style that are peculiarly their own. It is in her ballads, however, that to our thinking Mrs. Shorter touches

Photo by Lizzie Caswall Smith. **Mrs. Dora Sigerson Shorter.**

her highest and does her most distinctive work. Nothing could be more nearly perfect in its way than "The Careless Lad." The dancing ease of it seems almost haphazard; all the art of it lies in its artless simplicity; a few casual images, a scrap or so of dialogue, a symbolical hint or two, and the whole story is as fully told as if it had been written out in chapters enough to make up a six-shilling novel. But the best ballad is the longest—the one that gives its name to the book. It is a story sung by an old troubadour in a baron's hall at the Christmas-tide; the story of a young wife neglected by her husband and being won from sympathy to love by the honest, irrepressible passion of her husband's page.

> "Now, their strong sighing woke from his repose
> A sleeping cupid cradled in a rose,"

and thereafter follows a tale that is older than "Paolo and Francesca" and newer than yesterday, for it will be new again to-morrow. Here, too, the effectiveness of the poem, its power and poignancy, are subtly intensified by the effortless ease of its narration, the utter simplicity

* "The Troubadour, and Other Poems." By Dora Sigerson Shorter. 4s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

of its language that flowers naturally into tender or dainty fancies and as naturally gathers force and a nervous strength to meet the terror and tragedy of its close. If it is true that the public interest in poetry is reviving, there will be a considerable demand for "The Troubadour," for it contains the best ballads and some of the best lyrics that have been published by any of our latter-day poets.

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS.*

Heinrich Heine, "a gigantic [mocking smile that passed over the face of the world," left behind him no complete story of his life. He made several attempts at an autobiography and always failed, but since his death busy workers have taken up the task his tired fingers were too feeble to accomplish, careful, sympathetic gleaners have been at work among his intimate letters and memorabilia, and now at last we may add "Heinrich Heine's Memoirs" to our shelves.

In these two volumes we have a full-length picture, an exquisite picture, painfully intimate at times, of the man as he was. We see him, this great brave spirit, singing in exile, singing between the groans that issued from the sick-bed that held him prisoner for six years before death set him free. Of these memoirs he himself writes pitifully:

"Everything that is pregnant and characteristic is here faithfully communicated, and the interplay of outward circumstance and inward happenings of the soul reveals to you the sign manual of my being. The veil falls from my soul and you may see it in its lovely nakedness. There are no stains, only wounds. Ah! only wounds dealt by the hands of my friends, not of my enemies."

Heine is remembered by us as a poet. His efforts as a political fighter, a reformer, a protagonist are of little moment in this generation. But though he can himself appraise the poet at his high worth in these pages, as when he says "the poet is a wondrous Sunday's child, he sees the oak woods that slumber still in the acorn, and he converses with generations as yet unborn. They whisper their secrets to him, and he chatters of them in the open market-place," it is not as a poet that he would wish to be remembered.

"I have never held my fame as a poet of much account, and I care little whether my songs are praised or derided. But lay a sword upon my coffin, I pray you; for I have been a brave soldier in the wars of the liberty of mankind."

In his own words we get the story of his poverty in Paris, his tragi-comic duel with Strauss, who wounded him in the hip; his quarrels with his rich relatives—his uncle who endowed "institutions for decayed business men," but left his poet nephew and wife to starve. Here, too, we meet Ferdinand Lassalle, "young man of the most distinguished mental gifts," who was already well launched on his own brilliant, tragic career when he met the poet in 1846.

These volumes are full of the frankest expressions of literary opinion, of his own work and that of others. The grim tragedy of his life is transmuted by his wit into something that moves to laughter and tears. There is a joke or a sting in the tail of every sentence, just as in the poems of the "Buch der Lieder," where Heine indulged to excess his savage life-long fondness for raising a pure image, a beautiful poetical edifice, and then shattering it with a kick.

The work of translation has been accomplished by Mr. Gilbert Cannan, who possesses precisely the gifts necessary; in the hands of a less deft writer the wit which now enlivens the book would have been hammered out of sight. Heine's lyrics are not amenable to translation, but Mr. Cannan has rendered some of them admirably. Altogether, this is an enduring contribution to our knowledge of a great poet and thinker, and deserves to be accepted as a complete and direct autobiography which in many ways may be classed with the Journals of the brothers de Goncourt.

If there is a lack it is in the absence of footnotes giving biographical clues: the average reader of the twentieth century has no knowledge of "The Mouche" of 1856, and it is sad but true that the glory of Henrich Laube and even of Julius Campe has been extinguished by the passage of years!

LAURENCE CLARKE.

* "Heinrich Heine's Memoirs." Translated by Gilbert Cannan. 2 Vols. 12s. (Heinemann.)

LOUVET.*

Jean-Baptiste Louvet de Couvrai is one of the most interesting of the secondary figures of the French Revolution. His life was packed with dramatic surprises and reversals. He first won attention by the picture he drew of the corrupt society which was dissolving before his eyes. He was, as M. Arthur Chuquet points out, the only orator who shone both at the beginning and at the end of the Convention. In his contest with Robespierre he played, if not a decisive, at least a disinterested and a striking part; and his adventures after the Girondins were proscribed fill one of the most dramatic pages in the annals of a period when life itself put on the garb of the melodramatic theatre. It is strange, therefore, that today, when the Revolutionary annals are subjected to so close a scrutiny, no French writer has thought it worth while to give a volume to Louvet. M. Aulard, from whose close scrutiny no aspect of the Revolution is hidden, has prefixed a good biographical account of Louvet to his edition of the "Mémoires," but Mr. Rivers's book is the first full biography. It is a good piece of work, sober in style and sound in judgment, with just enough historical background to enable readers who are not specialists to understand Louvet's position and the whirlpool of forces amid which he struggled. Historical biography is just now so much discredited by its "romantic" purveyors that Mr. Rivers deserves a word of praise for the research he has given to the records of Louvet's life, and for the agreeable way in which his results are presented.

After describing Louvet's ancestry and early years, Mr. Rivers proceeds, in his second chapter, to an analysis of the "Amours du Chevalier de Faublas." Its author was a briefless barrister when it was published, and it at once became popular in the thoughtless pleasure-loving circles which it mirrors. Few readers will, we think, agree with Mr. Rivers's praise of "Faublas," though he is justified in saying that it has "none of that subtle, furtive, and leering indecency which debases much of the literature of the eighteenth century," and he has little trouble in showing that Carlyle's strictures require modification. Carlyle, like Scott, treated Louvet with undue severity, but when the best has been said on behalf of "Faublas," it must be classed among those books which reflect little credit upon their authors and do not add to the repute of their admirers. Though less immoral than it is often described, it has revenged itself upon its writer. Louvet's name is stamped in the popular mind as the author of an improper book, and the real part which he played in French history is often forgotten.

He began his political career by an able pamphlet in reply to Mounier, and was admitted into the Society of Jacobins in 1789. Later on he conducted the *Sentinelle*, a revolutionary journal which made him known throughout France, and in 1795 he became a deputy at the National

* "Louvet, Revolutionist and Romance-Writer." By John Rivers. 16s. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Convention. His speeches were marked more by courage and talent than by prudence. His defiance of Robespierre is famous. "The Sea-green became tallow-green," writes Carlyle. "Louvet, with a shrill tone, read and recited crime after crime: dictatorial temper, exclusive popularity, bullying at elections, mob-retinue, September Massacres; till all the Convention shrieked again, and had almost indicted the Incorruptible there on the spot." But the chance was lost, and when, "not without a sigh from most Historians," the Girondins fell and became extinct as a party, Louvet was among the proscribed. He escaped into Brittany, and his adventures during this period are told in his "Mémoires." Mr. Rivers re-tells them from this source, adding many details which are found in other documents. When Thermidor ended the Reign of Terror, Louvet returned to the Assembly, became a member of the Committee of Public Safety and sat on the Council of Five Hundred. He died in 1797, the proprietor of a book-shop in the Palais Royal, having published a number of famous books, among them his friend Madame Roland's "Appeal to Impartial Posterity," and having lived a life of extraordinary vicissitude, inspired by genuine patriotism, and warmed by a love as deep and as romantic as any depicted in his own romances.

A. W. EVANS.

NAPOLEON AND TOLSTOY.*

There is no more enterprising firm of publishers to-day than Messrs. Nelson, and their new series of French books, which includes many copyright works, deserves the highest praise. The volumes which lie before us are admirable in binding, type and paper, and it is gratifying to our national pride to find a British firm producing reprints of French novels incontestably superior to anything which the French publishers have yet offered to the public. The only weak point is the proof-reading, which is hardly as careful as it might be. M. Lévy's "Napoléon Intime" was well worth republishing in this new series, as it is of the first importance to all Napoleonic students. Its bias is so obvious that the student need scarcely be warned that it is *ex parte* testimony. But while M. Lévy has purposely ignored all unfavourable evidence, the material which he has collected is so carefully arranged that it is of the greatest value. As M. François Coppée pleads in his eloquent introduction, there was no need to repeat the evidence against Napoleon which Taine and others had so assiduously raked together. "C'est même, à mon humble avis, la réfutation de l'œuvre de Taine." Such a book was needed and the work could not have been better done. M. Lévy passes discreetly over what he calls, in a deliciously Gallic phrase, "les fredaines extra conjugales de l'Empereur," but while in this and in many other matters there is much of Napoleon's life which he studiously ignores, he never makes any statements which are not carefully authenticated.

"Anna Karénine" is introduced by a preface from the pen of that most polished and judicious of French critics, M. Emile Faguet. As he says, "'Anna Karénine' is a work which became a classic from the moment it appeared; it was so full of human nature, so certain to be read by men of all times and all places, and in spite of all its local colour so much the most western of all Tolstoi's works." It is a great book planned on a great scale, but it is more. As M. Faguet remarks, "il est à fois, ce qui est rare, une belle œuvre d'art et une bonne action." Every figure in this vast canvas stands out living and real. No novel is at once more true to life and more uncompromisingly ideal in its serene and lofty outlook. It may be objected that there is no need for a French translation of Tolstoi in England, and it must be admitted that an excellent English translation already exists. Nevertheless, while a translation is always an imperfect substitute for the original, there is a kinship between the educated Russian and the educated Frenchman which makes Russian translate more perfectly into French than into English. A translation is at best a makeshift, but it was in translations, and mainly in French translations, that Tolstoi conquered Europe.

* "Anna Karénine." By Leon Tolstoi. 2 Vols.—"Napoléon Intime." By Arthur Lévy. 1s. net per volume. (Nelson's French Series.)

THE NATURE OF FREEDOM.*

M. Henri Bergson sprang into something like philosophic fame with the publication of his third book, "L'Evolution Créatrice," in 1907. His "Essai sur les données immédiates de la conscience," of which the present volume is a translation, was published so far back as 1889. Roughly speaking, therefore, his work has been contemporaneous with the development of pragmatism. And at the same time it may be described as an advance on it. For, while the pragmatists appeal to experience, and bring philosophic theories to the test (to use an expressive colloquialism) of how they pan out in life, M. Bergson has brought his wonderfully tenacious analysis to bear on experience, on consciousness itself. Thus by showing that the simplest experience is composite, at any rate as soon as it is fixed in language, and by splitting it up into its component parts, qualitative and quantitative—that which belongs to consciousness itself, and that which belongs to space—he has arrived at the idea of *pure duration*. That, his leading philosophic conception, runs through both the above-mentioned books, as well as through an intermediate one, "Matière et Mémoire, Essai sur la relation du corps avec l'esprit." Here he applies it not so much to the solution of the problem of free will, as to showing that the problem itself does not exist, but arises only from our inveterate confusion of quality and quantity, pure duration and space. In other words, it is a problem of language rather than of fact.

Pure duration is, as M. Bergson admits, an idea exceedingly difficult to grasp, and a large part of "Time and Free Will" is devoted to preparing the ground for it, by proving that the intensity of a conscious state is qualitative, not quantitative, a matter of tone or coloration rather than of number, and that the mixture of conscious states, which together make up mental experience, presents a multiplicity of fusion or interpenetration; whereas space is quantitative, and all objects exterior to ourselves, which we perceive in space, and whose magnitudes we measure, present a multiplicity of juxtaposition.

> "Thus in consciousness we find states which succeed, without being distinguished from one another; and in space simultaneities which, without succeeding, are distinguished from one another, in the sense that one has ceased to exist when the other appears. Outside us, mutual externality without succession; within us, succession without externality."

But our ordinary conception of duration, that is to say time, depends, according to M. Bergson, on a gradual incursion of space into the domain of pure consciousness. For pure duration is not a quantity, and as soon as we try to measure it, we unwittingly replace it by space. "We instinctively tend to solidify our impressions in order to express them in language." And, having solidified them, we set them out in space side by side, with a separateness which, in fact, they did not possess in the endless flux, the endless *becoming*, of our consciousness. Hence our composite conception of Time, which is an interaction, a working compromise, between pure duration and space; between consciousness that endures and space that we can measure. Time, as M. Bergson describes it in one of his finely explanatory metaphors, is nothing but the

* "Time and Free Will: an Essay on the Immediate Data of Consciousness." By Henri Bergson, Member of the Institute. Authorised Translation by F. L. Pogson, M.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

ghost of space haunting the reflective consciousness. Pure duration, on the other hand—

"Pure duration is the form which the succession of our conscious states assumes when our ego lets itself *live*, when it refrains from separating its present state from its former states. For this purpose it need not be entirely absorbed in the passing sensation or idea; for then, on the contrary, it would no longer *endure*. Nor need it forget its former states: it is enough that, in recalling these states, it does not set them alongside its actual state as one point alongside another, but forms both the past and the present into an organic whole, as happens when we recall the notes of a tune, melting, so to speak, into one another."

The reasons which enable us to foretell astronomical phenomena in advance are just the very ones, says M. Bergson, which prevent us from determining in advance an act which springs from our free activity; for the future of the material universe, although contemporaneous with the future of a conscious being, has no analogy to it. And in order to point what he calls this vital difference, M. Bergson assumes that some mischievous genius decreed the world should go twice as fast. There would be no change in the equations which represent astronomical phenomena, the coincidences of which would take place as before. Only the intervals which separate them would be diminished.

"Now these intervals are just duration *lived*, duration which our consciousness perceives, and our consciousness would soon inform us of a shortening of the day if we had not experienced the usual amount of duration between sunrise and sunset . . . it would realise in some way or other a decline in the usual storing-up of experience."

In the physical world, definite antecedents give rise to definite consequences; "but the question is whether this regularity is found in the domain of consciousness too, and that is the whole problem of free will." M. Bergson shows that the necessary regularity is not so found in consciousness. No law of causality can be made out for psychic states because no two psychic states can be altogether alike, and therefore we can never say of conscious states that the same causes produce the same effects. There are no *same causes*, and to assume them possible is to "forget that even the simplest psychic elements possess a personality and a life of their own, however superficial they may be; they are in a constant state of becoming, and the same feeling, by the mere fact of being repeated, is a new feeling."

The process by which M. Bergson, using his idea of pure duration as an instrument, cuts the ground from under the feet of the determinists, and shows that they are dealing with an illusory problem, is profoundly interesting. It is, he holds, because they have neglected to make the necessary separation between space and duration that one party has been led to deny freedom and the other to define it, and thereby, involuntarily, to deny it too.

"In whatever way, in a word, freedom is viewed, it cannot be denied except on condition of identifying time with space; it cannot be defined except on condition of demanding that space should adequately represent time; it cannot be argued about in one sense or the other except on condition of previously confusing succession and simultaneity. All determinism will thus be refuted by experience, but every attempt to define freedom will open the way to determinism."

It is unfortunate that the effort to outline briefly the main trend of M. Bergson's philosophy prevents one from even glancing at the many interesting side issues raised by the way; for some of them have an unusual literary interest. "Time and Free Will," indeed, convinces one of its authenticity largely because it provides a philosophic basis for so many conclusions which have been arrived at empirically. By showing that the problem of free will arises from the inadequacy of language to express conscious states without taking them out of pure duration and fixing them in space, M. Bergson lays his finger on the problem of style also. The novelist, he says finely, attempts to tear aside the cleverly woven curtain of our conventional ego. And if he succeeds, "encouraged by him, we have put aside for an instant the veil which we interposed between our consciousness and ourselves. He has brought us back into our own presence."

And what could be better criticism, better literary teaching, than this?

"Therefore, it is only an inaccurate psychology, misled by language, which will show us the soul determined by sympathy, aversion, or hate as though by so many forces pressing upon it. These feelings, provided they go deep enough, each make up the whole soul, since the whole content of the soul is reflected in each of them. . . . If, on the contrary, he takes these psychic states with the particular colouring which they assume in the case of a definite person, and which comes to each of them by reflection from all the others, then there is no need to associate a number of conscious states in order to re-build the person, for the whole personality is in a single one of them, provided that we know how to choose it. And the outward manifestation of this inner state will be just what is called a free act. . . ."

M. Bergson's work has the supreme and convincing merit that it renders whole shelves-full of books quite useless, except as evidence of mankind's struggles to arrive at the ideas which he here sets forth so subtly, lucidly, and—for a time, at least—finally.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

JOHNSON AND BOSWELL.*

I never find it an easy matter to lay down any sympathetic book on Johnson, and Professor Raleigh's new volume has proved irresistible. No one who cares for English literature should neglect these six essays on Johnson, for they comprise a sane and most eloquent tribute to the sterling qualities of his heart and mind. Professor Raleigh admits of no reservation where Johnson is concerned; he confesses a complete admiration for the man, his works and his talk. The Leslie Stephen Lecture with which the book begins comprises a masterly summary of Johnson's characteristics, and in the essays that make up the rest of the book the main points of interest in the lecture are enlarged upon. Professor Raleigh avoids controversies and attempts no new readings—he is content to criticise the man and his work, and with such an interpreter, who would have it otherwise? All these essays are marked with an enthusiasm which is the more delightful because of the author's forcible and unaffected English. His essay on the two-hundredth anniversary of Johnson's birth, originally published in the *Times*, is a character-study that presents, perhaps better than anything else that has been written on the subject, Samuel Johnson as we view him to-day.

"Johnson," he says, "was an author almost by accident; it is the man who is dear to us, the man with all his dogmatic prejudices, his stoical courage, his profound melancholy, his hatred of sentimental palliatives, his fits of narrowness, his tenderness to human frailty. If he has had less reputation than he deserves as a writer, it is because he has overshadowed his own fame."

How true this is, and by comparison how false is Macaulay's blundering caricature. In Johnson's case it is the man and not the writer that appeals to us to-day; his literary work, good as it was, may be regarded almost as extraneous. Whatever profession he had followed we cannot conceive of its affecting to any extent Johnson's entity—he might have been soldier, parson, or doctor (and he had something in his character of each of these professions), but he would always have been Samuel Johnson the Dictator. Professor Raleigh says:

"Some writers are great by their power of self-expression; they distil themselves in a book, and give away all their secrets. . . . Johnson was great by his reserves; the best of him was withheld from literature; his books were mere outworks. Behind those ramparts his life was passionately private, so that those who gained access to the warmth and light that were within were privileged indeed."

* "Six Essays on Johnson." By Walter Raleigh. 5s. net. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

Boswell not only became one of the privileged who were admitted to the Doctor's society, but he desired to leave a worthy record for posterity of his friend's domestic life. Although no one dreams of questioning his success to-day, his method was an innovation, and his contemporaries were naturally disconcerted by so frank and amusing a book. And well they might be, for was any one ever subjected to such an ordeal? The searching light of Boswell's methods would have scorched up any ordinary man; but it only served to reveal in Johnson hidden virtues and lovable traits. Boswell had a passion for truth, but truth was an essential part of Johnson's character, and no biographer could have done him justice who had attempted to extenuate his failings. There have been many phases in public opinion respecting Johnson and his biographer. Boswell was formerly regarded merely as a clever fool or toady, who simply followed with note-book on the heel of his idol, and having set down every word that fell from the great Doctor's lips, and noted every gesture and movement, he spun the whole into a rather scandalous book, which could not, however, be otherwise than entertaining with so many of Johnson's good sayings. There was another phase, in which Boswell was exalted as Johnson's creator; he was credited with having fashioned a miracle out of such an impossible subject as pompous old Dr. Johnson. It has taken a long time to do so, but at last we may be said to have secured the right focus with which we may see Johnson and his biographer in their proper proportions. Now that the correct adjustment has been obtained, it seems so simple, and to future generations it will seem incredible, that any other view could ever have been possible. Professor Raleigh lays no claim to having restored Johnson and Boswell to their proper places, but he adds the weight of his judgment to that of Leslie Stephen, Mr. Birrell, and other Johnsonian scholars.

"The accident," he says, "which gave Boswell to Johnson and Johnson to Boswell is one of the most extraordinary pieces of good fortune in literary history. Boswell was a man of genius; the idle paradox which presents him in the likeness of a lucky dunce was never tenable by serious criticism, and has long been rejected by all who bring thought to bear on the problems of literature."

The secret of Boswell's success was, to a large extent, his possession in an extraordinary degree of the gift for drawing people out. His object was to make them communicative, and his faults even aided him in this design, for his irrepressible chatter about himself prompted others to talk without restraint. Insensible to slights and rebuffs, Boswell's habits of dissipation even did not interfere with the set purpose of his life, that purpose being to preserve every scrap of information with reference to Dr. Johnson. It is not only as a collector of anecdotes, but as a heaven-sent biographer that Boswell reigns supreme. Although, as Professor Raleigh says, "we cannot escape from Boswell any more than his hero could, and we do not wish to escape, and we do not try," in his essay on "Johnson without Boswell" he shows that we still would have preserved a very full knowledge of Johnson's talk and manners, had Boswell never existed. Sir John Hawkins's "Life," Mrs. Piozzi's "Anecdotes," and the "Johnsoniana," if not as good as Boswell, are only a little less so. We know more of Johnson than many of his contemporaries, and without Boswell we should know him better, for example, than Swift. Of Addison, whose conversational gifts have been extolled, only a single example (and that not a very brilliant one) has been preserved. It was of course otherwise with Johnson, for everything that he said in conversation, as Professor Raleigh observes, "during the latter part of his life, was liable to be recorded for posterity. A merely clever man talking for reputation would have crumpled under the test; Johnson has emerged from it unscathed. His truth and his humanity were a match for all they met." One must figure the gargantuan personality of the man, his voice and gestures and the company with whom or at whom he talked. His sayings which have been preserved for us, striking though they be as we read them, must have been all the more striking when they came straight from his mouth. There was something that compelled not only Boswell, but a score of others to write down Johnson's conversations, monologues, and retorts.

Professor Raleigh says some things about Goldsmith which all who care for that lovable writer will read with gratitude. Boswell was not the man to understand the mind of the author of "The Traveller," any more than he could fathom at times the moods of his great master.

Half of Professor Raleigh's essays are biographical and half critical, but criticism and biography are distinguishing features of the whole work, and the essays on Johnson's "Shakespeare" and the "Lives of the Poets" abound in personal traits and characteristics of the Doctor. Professor Raleigh shows how a study of the notes on Shakespeare reveals much unexpected autobiographical data, some of which has even escaped the vigilance of Boswell. For example, one footnote contains a sturdy denunciation of physiological experiments on live animals. In the first of the two essays on Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," the author treats of the lives of Savage and others that were written many years before the "Lives of the Poets" proper, the most readable of all his works. Johnson did not as a rule hunt up facts for his biographies, he left that kind of drudgery to others, and was content to make use of such material as came to his hand readily. But in spite of his efforts to be just, he was often prejudiced: with the smaller fry he was never severe (indeed, the Lives of these minor bards often contain some of Johnson's best work); he reserved the big guns for the big men.

One is glad to have these six essays on Johnson, because they afford a valuable introduction to Johnson's life and work, and they are the more acceptable as one seems to recognise in Professor Raleigh's work something of Johnson's energetic manner of looking at things.

ROGER INGPEN.

NAPOLEONISMUS.*

What eminent man was it who thanked heaven that he knew nothing whatever about Mary Queen of Scots? Herbert Spencer, one feels sure, would have thought that all this multiplication of gossip about Napoleon was most pernicious. Others might regard this perpetual keyholing and shorthand reporting as a gross intrusion upon a great man's privacy. The importance of it all is of course immeasurably small. The controversies on immaterial points about Napoleon would fill volumes enough to erect a wall round the entire town of Lilliput. Yet we have to be grateful to this amiable mania for annotating and admiring every little act and word of Napoleon for many interesting volumes—among them it seems to me that a high place is due to Mr. Shorter's "Napoleon in his Own Defence." The letters here may have been inspired by Napoleon, as nearly everything written about St. Helena always will be; but whether they represent an *apologia* of the great man's in any more intimate sense is probably rather doubtful. They are superfluous in the sense that they are answers to W. Warden's book on "Napoleon and his Fellow-Travellers," which was on the whole a perfectly friendly commentary upon the incidents of "the last voyage." Every other title descriptive of "the last phase" having been already used two or three times over, it was, perhaps, judicious of Mr. Shorter to throw the ægis of Napoleon himself over his new venture. It is very interesting to find that one who has penetrated into many Napoleonic secrets should have retained such a reverential admiration for his hero as does the present editor. The minute-hand of history is generally

* "Napoleon in his Own Defence." By Clement Shorter. With 5 plates. 12s. net. (Cassell.)

Consequences of a Successfull French Invasion.
N°III. Plate 2d. — Me teach de English Republicans to work. — Scene. A Ploughed Field.

Consequences of a Successful Foreign Invasion.
By James Gillray.
From "Napoleon in Caricature," by A. M. Broadley. (John Lane.)

interesting. Napoleon is portrayed in such detail at Longwood that he might almost be cinematographed at his daily avocations. His favourite recreation is well indicated in the title—the noble art of self-defence, with the pens of his numerous ready writers. He had manipulated the press so long that, just as Abdul Hamid could not exist without daily reports from his police-spies, so Napoleon could not breathe without defending himself from adverse press-comment.

Napoleon was not, it seems to me, interesting at this phase because he had once been supremely great—in the ordinary sense, in which greatness is always a very temporary resultant from absolutely exceptional forces and conditions—but because he was a very human man, of extraordinary capacity in one or two directions, who had passed through singular experiences. That it was necessary to sequestrate Napoleon seems to me an indisputable proposition. The pity is that he was not sequestrated ten years earlier in his career. His record then would have been almost entirely beneficent. The question as to whether he was well or ill treated by his gaolers is one of perennial interest to all journalists, most of whom would be only too glad to be afflicted with a touch of his complaint, so far as board, lodging, and attendance were concerned. Napoleon's lack of solemn dignity, his proneness to complain, his eternal curiosity and vivacious absorption in trifles, are among the most amiable and delightful traits in his not very amiable character. The letters given in the appendix to this volume are full of evidence on these points, most of which appears to be quite new.

Some of Theodore Hook's stories are almost too delightful not to be slight improvements upon nature. To illustrate the ex-emperor's sudden fits of choler he tells how he once, on leaving Josephine at table, where she sat too long to please him, gave one of her attendants who partly obstructed his passage a violent kick. (Taine tells a very similar story.) The empress, hearing a suppressed moan, asked M. Senois what was the matter and learned that "His Imperial Majesty had been graciously pleased to kick him." Much of this pamphlet by Hook, however malicious, is diverting and very clever. Mr. Shorter will only allow the witty Theodore to have been two days upon the island, but this is a miscalculation. His book, in spite of its calculated depreciation of the great man, is now extremely rare, and the copy used was drawn from the library of Mr. A. M. Broadley, whose wonderful collection of Napoleon caricatures, as illustrated in his recent book,* is now exciting the curiosity of Europe. In Mr. Broadley's book the Emperor appears in horns and cloven hoof. Mr. Shorter would seem to prefer him drawn as an angelic being with white wings. His reputation has travelled pretty well full circle in one's own recollection from Lanfrey to Lévy ("Napoléon Intime"). The truth has been so obscured by the multiplicity of faces and portraits that we shall never attain to it any more than we shall ever know the truth about our next-door neighbour. But there are pleasant hours to be spent over books such as these. Personally, I think that Napoleon was lucky in many ways in his pleasant island retreat. But I am not sure that I should have liked Sir Hudson Lowe as landlord. Here is a story about him which I came across quite recently in the *Journal de Genève*. It may be new to Mr. Shorter and others. Sir Hudson *en retraite* was visiting the Grotte de Balme in the company of his servant and the widow who acted as show-woman. Three young Frenchmen noticed his name in the visitors' book. Sir Hudson would have had a very bad time indeed, had it not been for the *gardienne*, who threw her arms round the ex-governor and protected his life with her own. Having rendered the servant *hors de combat* and considerably mauled Sir Hudson, the young bullies, or heroes (as we choose to consider them), beat a dignified retreat by *licking* Sir Hudson's name off the register!

T. S.

A NEW ROMANCIST.†

With "An Affair of Dishonour," Mr. William de Morgan broke away from the stereotyped pattern of romance that has been popular for these last ten or fifteen years; and with "The Broad Highway" Mr. Jeffery Farnol breaks away from it again. And the best of it is that Mr. Farnol's story is as unlike Mr. de Morgan's as they are both unlike that popular pattern of which we are all getting a little weary. It is as fresh, as individual as "The Cloister and the Hearth" or "The White Company," and has this much in common with them, that it presents a wonderfully graphic and many-coloured picture of the life of the English highway, the roadside inn, and the country-side as it was in the days of the Prince Regent, just as they mirrored the life of the open road as it passed in a very much earlier period. A live highwayman; a dead one swinging in chains; pedlars, tramps, gypsies, tinkers, prize-fighters, cheap-jacks, stage-coaches and their passengers, fine gentlemen and ladies in coaches of their own, the dissipated, broken gambler hiding from his shame, a maiden in distress who has been carried off by a wild young blood of the time—they all pass as

* "Napoleon in Caricature." 2 Vols. (Lane.) Reviewed in December BOOKMAN.

† "The Broad Highway. By Jeffery Farnol. 6s. (Sampson Low & Co.)

in some vivid, realistic panorama, and this, that, and the other one slip easily into the plot, and play an important or unimportant part in the development of as fine and full-blooded a romance as we have read for several years past.

After a whimsical chat, by way of prelude, between the author and a quaint, philosophical tinker as to the necessary ingredients of a good novel, you plunge pleasantly into the story. Peter Vibart is left penniless on the death of the old uncle who had taken the place of a father to him. The uncle's will, an eccentric document, bequeaths twenty thousand pounds to Peter's cousin, Sir Maurice Vibart, "in the fervent hope that it may help him to the devil within the year"; and the sum of ten guineas in cash to the studious Peter, so that he may "purchase a copy of Zeno or any other of the stoic philosophers he may prefer." But a later clause stipulates that an invested five hundred thousand pounds shall be paid over to Maurice or Peter if either of them shall within one calendar year become the husband of the Lady Sophia Sefton of Cambourne.

The Lady Sophia is a beauty, one of the reigning toasts, and there are all manner of wild rumours afloat concerning her hoydenish gaiety and daring. Peter accepts the situation with an easy indifference; he has no fancy for marriage, especially with such a "termagant" as the Lady Sophia; and, rejecting the urgent and exasperated counsels of his friends, he takes his ten pounds and resolves to tramp through the country and see something of the world and, incidentally, look out for a means of earning a living. He finds employment at last, and very much more. Almost at the outset he is held up by a highwayman and deprived of his ten pounds, and is thereafter put to all manner of shifts and odd contrivances for getting an occasional meal. He falls in with strange and delightful company, and with company that is strange but not delightful; he is involved in exciting and sometimes perilous adventures, and the danger of his enterprise is increased, unknown to himself, by his close likeness to that reckless and rascally London buck, his cousin, Sir Maurice, who has killed a man in a duel, and has wronged and made a mortal enemy of another by taking a hand in a scoundrelly abduction which has brought such scandal on him and his associates that the Prince Regent has ordered him to get out of town and lie low till the storm blows over. Here is material for romance and to spare; but this is less than half the story, the strongest and most fascinating part of which begins with Book II. and the introduction of "the woman."

But it is far too good a story to be given away in any inadequate summary. With difficulty, and after a stirring contest with the man who is to be his master, Peter gets work as a blacksmith's assistant, and annexes for his residence a crazy, lonely cottage in a wood that is reputed to be haunted. He is innocently involved in a love affair of his master's, rouses that tempestuous master's jealousy, and comes very near to losing his life in consequence; but at the haunted cottage, almost before he realises what is happening to him, he is drawn into a more astonishing love adventure that is all his own. After a desperate and bloody fight in the night, he rescues a dazzling, unconventional lady from a resolute gallant who had tricked her into flight with him, and the lady becoming Peter's humble handmaid at the cottage wakens at length a passion in his heart that he had never dreamt was sleeping there. His belated course of love does not run smoothly; it is unfolded with a delicacy and boldness and cunning for which we have nothing but admiration and praise; and when it seems to have ended badly it is deftly shaped to an end that Peter had never foreseen, and the reader had never suspected was more than half possible. In a word, "The Broad Highway" is a virile, a breezily masculine, and wholly interesting romance; it has a rich and original vein of humour, a healthy, philosophical outlook, and is not only a new novel, but something new in novels, and as good as it is new.

A.

GEORGIAN NOTABILITIES.*

The author has selected half a dozen personages from the Georgian era who exhibit some peculiarity or quaintness or eccentricity of mind and behaviour, such as would have caused our forbears to dub them emphatically "characters"; and has sketched their careers and personalities in six extremely interesting essays. He tells us of Lady Mary Coke, the daughter of John, Duke of Argyll, who married one of the Cokes of Norfolk—a union from which she was fortunately speedily relieved by the death of her husband. Horace Walpole was once in love with her, and most of the story here is told in extracts from his letters. His passion, however, did not survive the passage of time, and her eccentricities and her vanity, which caused her to suffer excruciating mental tortures whenever a Royal Prince married, alienated entirely the dilettante of Strawberry Hill. She had a mania for foreign royalties, and chose to believe that the Empress Maria Theresa was terrified that she would captivate the Emperor Joseph of Austria-Hungary. She hunted Frederick the Great to such purpose that that hero fled from Berlin to Potsdam to avoid meeting her. Her conduct at Vienna was such, indeed, that on her second visit there she was refused admittance to the Court. Ever after that, she set down all the difficulties that beset her life, no matter how petty and trivial they were, to the remorseless vengeance of Maria Theresa. If one of her

* "Noble Dames and Notable Men of the Georgian Era." By John Fyvie. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Sir Henry Bate-Dudley (a Journalistic Parson).

After Gainsborough.

From "Noble Dames and Notable Men of the Georgian Era," by John Fyvie. (Constable.)

maids showed insolence, she was acting in the interests of Maria Theresa. When at an auction she was unable to buy a secondhand chest of drawers, owing to the higher bidding of some of the dealers, she was convinced they must be emissaries from Maria Theresa. She perpetually changed her tradesmen and her servants for suspected complicity in some similar Imperial plot, until it was difficult to get any good domestics to take a place in her service.

Sir Henry Bate-Dudley, Bart., the fighting parson, is the subject of another essay, and, in very lively prose, the author sketches the career of this remarkable clergyman who was not only a great fighter, but perhaps the most successful journalist of the eighteenth century. He was for some time editor of the *Morning Post*, and, after quarrelling with his proprietors, started the *Morning Herald*, which brought him a fortune. Retiring from business, he returned to his clerical duties, and proved himself perhaps the finest example of that curious type of clergyman that is known as the "sporting parson." Another essay tells the story of the Countess of Strathmore, the hunted heiress, whose life proves that the dramatists of the eighteenth century had no need to draw upon their imaginations for the crowds of pretty women and heartless adventurers with which they crowded the stage. The story, indeed, of her second marriage with Andrew Robinson Stoney, the half-pay Irish lieutenant, and of the means by which it was accomplished, reads almost like a *précis* of one of these plays. The author gives us, too, an interesting picture of country life in the eighteenth century in his chapter devoted to Bampfylde-Moore Carew, a man who was born of a famous West Country family, and took to the life of a professional beggar. His remarkable gifts of impersonation, and his wonderful tricks of disguise, enabled him to beg with success even from his own people. As long as he was in his own "country," the magistrates treated him as a popular character, but once, having the misfortune to be arrested outside the district where he was known, he was sentenced, after being whipped, to the plantations. From here he escaped, and returned, *viâ* America, to England, to resume his profession of mendicancy. Apparently he treated his business with perfect seriousness, and once made a voyage to Newfoundland in order that he might perfect himself in the art of playing the broken-down mariner. Of his last days there is some doubt, but, according to one biographer, he was converted to better ways by a bishop's sermon, and, going to London, employed his great abilities to such advantage in the more humdrum paths of commerce that he died wealthy and, consequently, respected. The remaining two essays in the book deal with the famous Lady Holland and Abraham Tucker, the metaphysical humorist, who wrote that monumental work which most people prefer to regard as a monument to be looked at and not read, "The Light of Nature." This extremely interesting book contains some excellent reproductions of pictures of the various subjects dealt with, and a very adequate index. L. B.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN IRELAND.*

Mr. Scott-James, as they say in Ireland, is the lucky man. He has realised one at least of the dreams of youth. In a canoe—a Canadian canoe, at that, only 17 ft. long, and weighing no more than 75 lb.—he has voyaged most of the long journey (for he did tramp and ride some of it, with his impedimenta carried ignominiously, it might seem, on a truck, a steamer, and a donkey-cart) from Belfast to Killaloe, adventuring by the way, camping out of nights in a 7-ft. ridge tent, drawing his supplies from shops and cottages, making his fires from peat and brushwood, sleeping generously from dark to dawn, taking it aisy whenever he could, risking himself in conflict with marauding cows, and a real bull once, and the terrors of Atlantic wind and rain sweeping over Connaught and the Shannon: and to the full, one can see, he enjoyed his voyage, every bit and hour of it, through that Ireland of ours in his three weeks' holiday. Just so, one remembers, we longed in the old days to adventure away past Knockninny and Cuilcagh to the back of beyond over the mountain where is the Shannon pot; and just so, as Mr. Scott-James came and went upon Lough Erne, did we see other adventurers paddle their canoes among our islands, light their magic camp-fires by the shore, cook their suppers under the stars, and bathe stark naked among the bulrushes. And sometimes they paddled in below the house, and came up through the yard for milk and water. Fine sunburnt young fellows most of them were, dressed usually in a manner strange to us, and speaking their beautiful English after a fashion we did not always understand. But they always won us (just as Mr. Scott-James seems to have won everybody, except, perhaps, those sour-visaged barbarians in the public-house between Lanesborough and Ballymahon, and the dour folk of Tynan up in O'Neill's country); and sometimes we boys would steal through the woods and sit gloriously by their fires for an hour, or we would stand on the long white bridge below Crom Castle (Mr. Scott-James knows the place and loves it still, one is sure) and watch them paddle, some misty morning, round the boat-house corner and away into regions of which we dreamt but never hoped to see. And twice, at least, one remembers, they paddled into Eternity out on ill-fated Lough Allen. . . .

One does not know whether those old-time heroes of ours followed the Scott-James route down to Knockninny, and, finding the way south-westward barred by my lord the mountain, turned, as he did, paddled to Belturbet (called Bunn sometimes), and there, after some quite Irish experiences with rival railway officials, transferred to the narrow-gauge railway which "skirts the tail of the mountain" and leisurely, somehow, sometime, reached the Shannon at Drumshambo. One fancies they did not, for then the narrow-gauge was still in the brain of some progressive spirit. But there is another route, found perhaps by them and missed, unfortunately, by Mr. Scott-James, which follows the Woodford river (past that round tower, you know, in the rushes near Crom Castle) towards Ballyconnell and thence by a series of locks, built each of them at fabulous cost, never used, and now tumbling into ruins, ascends through a lovely country—one's own country, and so always lovely—to the Shannon country. Along that Mr. Scott-James could have paddled happily and been welcomed everywhere by the natives, could have camped and slept in a hundred lovely spots, visited sleepy little towns that wake up for market once a week, called at little white cottages nestling on the banks, and been made always kindly welcome—and afterwards in his tent could have written with new conviction of the impracticability of a people that makes canals without tow-paths, neglects work for sake of a stranger in a canoe, gives him open house and heart, asks a penny for sixpennyworth of goods, and then gives two sixpences change for your shilling. . . .

In that last chapter wherein Mr. Scott-James sets down his analysis of the Irish character, he says that the only right impression he had formed of Ireland before visiting it was that it is an unpractical country—a country, that is, quick to do something but in an inefficient way. And this defect, if so it be, Mr. Scott-James attributes to many things—to the fact that Ireland, as a nation, is of a feminine type, that "by an accident, accounted a misfortune, she has avoided the social system which in England has meant wealth for a few, ambition for others, and slum residences for the rest," that "she is an anachronism, a piece of the Orient stranded in the

* "An Englishman in Ireland: Impressions of a Journey in a Canoe by River, Lough, and Canal." By R. A. Scott-James. 5s. net. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

Evergreen Dutch Garden, The Warren House.
From "Joys of the Garden." Compiled by Sidney J. Shaylor. (Truslove & Hanson.)

Western Sea," that she is of the tribal nations, a country made for chieftains, waiting for "the superb individual" that shall rally all the forces now working for disintegration, and so on. Well, it may be so. Mr. Scott-James is a man whose observation of Ireland is worth having. He has written an excellent book, full of that literary sense which characterises all he does, a book Irishmen will value if only for its quiet, often implied appreciation of their country, for its fairness, for its entire lack of gush or anything like patronage. Yet sometimes one Irishman at least could not help wishing that he had been able to make his holiday a little longer than three weeks, had seen Ireland further than from its canal and river banks, and had left unanalysed a people whom a while ago he knew only from books and now knows better to the extent of a passing acquaintance with a handful of peasants and village traders. Generally he observes with truth, and generally (except in his very anglicised versions of the Irish vernacular) sets down his observations convincingly; but they are in the main the observations of one in a canoe, of a stranger, of a gifted man with a note-book, of an Englishman in Ireland. "Take a seat; pray take a seat. . . . What, Jessie! Upon my soul! . . . Well, I never! Neatly made!"—it is as certain that no Irish man or woman ever talked in such fashion as that there are no carp among "the scaly inhabitants" (oh Mr. Scott-James!) of a certain canal in Ulster; and, similarly, it is manifest that Mr. Scott-James no more renders the peculiar charm of the Irish (of that family on a Lough Erne island, for instance, among whom he dwelt for some days) than his camera renders the magic of their hills and atmosphere. All that is in the gift of those with "the ould knowledge," of Miss Barlow, and Mr. Yeats, and Synge; it comes to very few; and hardly ever does it come to any one not born in the heather. That Mr. Scott-James was not so born is not his fault but his misfortune. His book is a real one. It is worlds removed from other books written about Ireland by other Englishmen. It is full of pleasantness, of the breath of the hills and the mountains, of the smell of peat-smoke, of the open air which its author loves so well. It is a brave manly book written by that exemplar of our peasants—"a scholar and a gentleman." And what it misses of the real thing is just that something which Mr. Scott-James would not have found had he journeyed through Ireland for a thousand weeks. "So that being so, sure then what's the good o' talkin!"

SHAN F. BULLOCK.

THREE ANTHOLOGIES.*

Addison thought there were "as many kinds of gardens as of poetry," and there are at least as many kinds of poetry about gardens as there are flowers growing in them. In this fragrantly named and beautifully produced little volume Mr. Sidney Shaylor has brought together the most exquisite and memorable thoughts that have been embodied in prose and verse about the loveliest and most dream-full places that men have learned to make for themselves. "God the first garden made," said Cowley, "and the first city Cain." Whoever pictured Paradise otherwise than as a garden? And if you could see to the heart of nine out of every ten hard-working city men you would find them looking forward wistfully to retirement and rest in a house in the country with a pleasant garden around it. If when that retirement becomes possible they are disappointed with it, it is because they have allowed the grosser life to take so firm a grip on them that they are at last unfitted for the finer one. But any man who has kept the soul within him alive, who has not given himself wholly over to those sordid unrealities that will some day slip through his fingers, is fit and ready at any time to withdraw from the world and be happy in a garden.

It is hard indeed to believe that any one could be other than happy in some of the gardens that have been photographed for Mr. Shaylor's book; and hard to read some of the passages he has collected into his anthology without wishing to be away amid the leafy pleasaunces that could inspire such serene thoughts and gracious fancies. Mr. Shaylor has cast his net wide and brought in some of the rarest pearls of English literature, and he has rightly taken toll of minor authors as well as of the greatest, for the lesser men have often said the best and truest words about the flowers, the flower-spirits and all the elusive garden-secrets that reveal themselves to the simple-hearted and are hidden from the over-wise. He has included extracts and poems from Chaucer, Milton, Tennyson, Ruskin, Keats, Spenser, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Dickens, Addison, Herrick, Marvell, and he has not overlooked Clare, Browne, Collins, Henry King, Henry Kirke White, and a score of other such of modester fame among the living and the dead. It is an attractive and altogether satisfying selection that bears witness to Mr. Shaylor's excellent and catholic taste no less than to the width of his reading.

Another desirable anthology in prose and verse is "The Seasons," that has been compiled by Helen and Lewis Melville; and yet another is "An Anthology of Humorous Verse," by the same compilers. There is wealth enough of material on both these subjects to fill a dozen volumes and still leave plenty over; therefore one is disposed to be particularly critical with Mr. and Mrs. Melville and to expect that they should distil into these two volumes the very essence of poetical humour and of all that has been written on such a universal topic as the four seasons. With the best chance in the world to find fault with them, however, one is bound to admit, after due consideration, that

* "Joys of the Garden." Compiled by Sidney J. Shaylor. 2s. 6d. net. (Truslove & Hanson.)—"An Anthology of Humorous Verse." By Helen and Lewis Melville. 3s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)—"The Seasons: An Anthology." By Helen and Lewis Melville. 3s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

they have left us with no excuse to be less than grateful. There have been notable omissions from both volumes, but then, of course, it was simply impossible to include everything in either, and omissions from and inclusions in such books are and must be purely a matter of individual taste, and no critic has any right to condemn the editors of them because their taste does not always square exactly with his own. His own may be at fault, without his knowing it. For our part we are satisfied that in the humorous anthology we have a sound and representative collection of the humorous English verse that has been published between the days of Herrick and Owen Seaman; and in "The Seasons" we have an equally well-chosen and representative series of poems on the changing year, opening with Swinburne's fine sonnet on "New Year's Day," and closing with Robert Tannahill's charming song, "Gloomy Winter's Now Awa'." We are greatly tempted to quote, but where there is so much that is good and in such variety quotation fails of its usual purpose, so we shall do no more than unreservedly recommend these anthologies of Mr. Shaylor and Mr. and Mrs. Melville as three of the most adequate and delightful anthologies it has been our lot to receive.

Novel Notes.

PONGO AND THE BULL. By Hilaire Belloc. 6s. (Constable.)

This book ought really to have been called "Pongo and the Belloc." It is true that the bull plays an active part in the story and routs with ignominy the great Pongo, Leader of the Opposition and the probable successor to the premiership whenever "Dolly the young and popular Prime Minister" decided to go out of office. But if Pongo had been allowed any choice, there can be little doubt that he would have preferred being chased even by the most strenuous of bulls to being scarified by the astonishing Mr. Belloc. A jaded reviewer, worn out in the vain effort to cope with the versatile fertility of Mr. Andrew Lang, once remarked that Mr. Lang was not a man but a syndicate. A similar feeling convinces us that Mr. Belloc is not a man but a battalion. We should like to introduce the military expert who till lately sat for South Salford to the author of "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts," and the engaging wanderer who wrote that delightfully Stevensonian "Path to Rome" to the grim moralist who created Emanuel Burden or the dilettante man of letters who writes such charming and tenuous essays "On Nothing." Have all these Mr. Bellocs ever met, or are they merely different "states" of a multiple personality more remarkable than any case which the psychologists have yet recorded? The first full-length novel of Mr. Belloc the satirist was "Emanuel Burden," for "Caliban" is hardly to be counted more than a trial trip. The sustained irony of "Emanuel Burden" was a remarkable achievement, and it deserves to rank as the most important contribution to English satirical literature since Butler's "Erewhon." But it was too grim to be popular, and its fierce heat of indignation was disconcerting to the reader who turned to it in search of mild amusement. In "Mr. Clutterbuck's Election" and "A Change in the Cabinet" Mr. Belloc was less in earnest and more buoyant and irresponsible. He was no longer the moral crusader, but merely the caustic and often boisterous critic; and if he had not learned to suffer fools gladly, he pinked them with a hearty chuckle. In "Pongo and the Bull" many old acquaintances reappear, including Mary Smith, "Dolly the young and popular Prime Minister," and the Duke of Battersea. Those of Mr. Belloc's readers who have found his anti-Semitic prejudices a little wearisome will learn with pleasure that the Duke, better known as "Peabody Yid," dies on the last page. Mr. Belloc kills him with evident regret, but it is to be hoped that having consecrated a trilogy to this not very convincing plutocrat he will never be tempted to resuscitate him. For the rest, Mr. Belloc has lost none of his tricks and none of his prejudices. But he has made excellent use of his parliamentary experience, and only those who know something of the inner working of the House of Commons can appreciate the truth underlying much of the satire. Some of the incidents in Parliament, especially the reception of the Anti-Bullfighting League deputation, are delicious. Altogether "Pongo" is a slap-dash but brilliant book.

DARWELL STORIES. By F. Warre Cornish. 6s. (Constable.)

One of these five stories is partly laid among the women-students of Cambridge, but all of them are rooted in provincial life. Mr. Cornish sensibly observes that London does not represent England. "Thousands, nay, millions of families, gentle and simple, still dwell among their own people, and do not long to be transplanted to London, though they may reflect London fashions at a distance; and it is of such as these that I write, who in their different degrees carry on the business of the great house, the rectory, the farm, and the little town, and take their share of all the local activities which make up the life of a county." The author thus allies himself with the newer school of French novelists, who have at last made people see that Paris is not France. There is nothing provincial, however, about Mr. Cornish's mind. Upon the contrary, these stories show a distinction and a quiet power of descriptive narrative which mark them as the work of an observant and thoughtful writer. One of the main difficulties in producing sketches of this sort is to produce effects without exaggerating the pathos or the comedy of the situation. Mr. Cornish shows real restraint at more than one point, and the result is that his work carries with it a sense of reality which is as rare as it is grateful. This is a book to be commended with emphasis. The first three stories lean to pathos, the last two are brighter. But if the reader will take them out of order, he will be able to appreciate the versatile charm which attaches to Mr. Cornish's prose.

THE HANDICAP. By Robert E. Knowles. 6s. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

Mr. Knowles does well in describing his new story as a "novel of pioneer days" in Canada. Readers on this side to the number of thousands have a keen personal interest in the real lives and triumphs (and also the failures) of emigrants to the more remote regions of the Canadian Far West; and his pictures of the little township of Glen Ridge, of Dinny Riley, the keeper of the Buck Inn, and his winsome daughter Nora, of the saintly old Scottish minister Doctor Leitch, of a whole gallery of elders, of the betrayed woman Margaret Menzies and her little son, and the stern but just Scottish uncle, will impress everybody by their abounding vitality and their truth. It is not a very flattering presentment that he gives of Canadian politics, either local or Imperial; nor does he give a very cheerful likeness of the Prohibitionist orator Hilliard, who is a secret drinker and a master of cheap and easy platitudes; but the people who ring true are exceedingly likeable. And "The 'Churching' of Margaret" before the whole Kirk is as fine and dramatic as anything Nathaniel Hawthorne ever wrote in "The Scarlet Letter"—when, stung by the consciousness that they too had done evil, the congregation "one by one, then by twos and threes, then by a score and at last in a body, gathered in silent ranks about the bended form of her who erstwhile stood alone . . . silent they stood, every head bowed, every heart engaged with its own high concerns and God. And lo! those who looked saw their minister's eyes wet with tears."

HOPE. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. 6s. (Duckworth.)

There are not many writers of the present day who command the same respect as Mr. Cunninghame Graham, and another volume from his pen can be given no higher praise than that it is the equal of any of its predecessors. "Hope" is another collection of those brief sketches of incidents and of moods by which the author has won fame for himself. The scenes of the sketches are again laid in countries as diverse as Morocco, South America, and Scotland, but Mr. Cunninghame Graham seems equally at home whatever his subject. Not a line that this author writes is lacking in distinction or in charm, his literary style is as graceful and effective as ever, and his sense of the dramatic or the whimsical as keen. After "Faith" and "Hope" we are on tenterhooks for "Charity."

THIS SON OF ADAM. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Burgin's generosity, and his industry, usually afford his readers the opportunity of enjoying new books with his name on the title-page at least twice in the year. "This Son of Adam" follows rather close upon the heels of "Diana of Dreams," but it is at least quite up to Mr. Burgin's standard. The scene this time is laid among the French *habitants* of those remote country districts of Ontario which the author knows so well. The characters of the book are well drawn, and there is a certain amount of sensational incident; but as a whole "This Son of Adam" is perhaps a little lacking in plot and movement. However, we do not suppose that the author's readers will complain so long as his humour continues, as it does at present, to lighten page after page. Perhaps "This Son of Adam" is sometimes a little confusing, but on the whole it is a highly enjoyable story which should win Mr. Burgin some fresh admirers.

THE SECOND CHANCE. By Nellie L. McLung. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is one of the Canadian stories which combine religious interests with the humorous, local detail of provincial life. The heroine, Searl Watson, contrives to bring up her family, parents as well as brothers and sisters; acts as the good angel to several wayward characters in the district; and generally plays a thoroughly practical Christian rôle. The authoress manages to reproduce the local colour, without which such sketches become faint. She has a gift of clever characterisation, and the by-play is often amusing. There is a pleasant blend of pathos and love-making. But the pervading atmosphere is that of simple country life, where religion comes into touch with the daily manners and morals of the people. The book is an unaffected, wholesome, and pleasant specimen of its class.

THE ROGUE'S HEIRESS. By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Really something will have to be said to our most popular authors. If Mr. Tom Gallon and his comrades in letters persist in their present activities they will be personally responsible for the decease of all respectable and honest heroes. As things are ordered at present, no hardworking, respectable, ambitious young man—even of the Get On or Get Out variety—has a chance of winning a nice heroine's favour. The popular brand is prison-marked, and without a decent crime or two carefully stowed away in the background no lover can nowadays hope to be considered quite romantic or genuine. We really don't know why Mr. Tom Gallon gave his new story the title of "The Rogue's Heiress." Obviously it should have been named "The Rogues' Gallery," for there is no male character—outside perhaps a lift-man and an odd male servant—that doeth only good in it—no, not one. Even poor old Joshua Flattery, the poor little waiter who is met on a seat on the Embankment by the hero after three years' imprisonment, has to admit to a little weakness for other people's claret and sandwiches. And as for the hero, burly Oliver Rackham himself—he blackmails the young hypocrite who has published and stolen his literary works, is drunken, coarse, and violent, and does not scruple to join in an abominable plot to rob little Angelica Susan Brown, the friendless little music-teacher, of her inheritance. Mr. Gallon seems to think that a multitude of words (written in a garret, at a cheap price) can save his hero. It cannot.

NEIGHBOURS UNKNOWN. By Charles G. D. Roberts. With 13 full-page Plates. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

This volume belongs probably to the class which Mr. Roosevelt attacked as attempts to "fake" nature. But Mr. Roberts manages to interest his readers in the wild creatures without any illegitimate methods, unless it is illegitimate to explain their actions by means of the natural emotions of fear, love, hatred, and hunger. It is a book especially for young people, and, although the majority of the heroes and heroines are Transatlantic, British readers will appreciate their stories, with a sense of gratitude that lynxes and wolves are not their personal neighbours and also that they are better known, at least in print, after the author's graphic descriptions. "The Isle of Birds" should be read first. Like many authors, Mr. Roberts forgets to begin with his best work. The sketches entitled "The Sentry of the Sedge Flats" and "A Torpedo in Feathers" are much superior to "Grey Lynx's Last Hunting." All over, however, these thirteen sketches keep up a good level, and it was quite worth while to rescue them from the passing vogue of a magazine.

THE SIEGE OF THE SEVEN SUITORS. By Meredith Nicholson. 6s. (Constable.)

"The Siege of the Seven Suitors" marks a new development of Mr. Meredith Nicholson's art. In "The House of a Thousand Candles" and other works he has told an improbable story in a probable manner; his last book, a serious novel of the business drama type, placed him among the leading American fiction-writers; but "The Siege of the Seven Suitors" differs considerably from its predecessors. The author shows that he has a considerable gift for the creation of eccentric characters, he places less reliance in the drawing powers of a strong plot, and he makes use of—to us, at any rate—a surprisingly keen sense of humour. In a word, this is Mr. Nicholson's first true comedy. The hero shows his Transatlantic origin in his profession—he is a Consultant in Chimneys, or, as he more frequently describes himself, a flue-doctor. As for the heroines (for there are two of them—sisters), there is "oodles of money in the family," for their grandfather "scored big in baby-buggies." We do not feel inclined to spoil the reader's enjoyment by giving away details of the plot, but mention must be made of Miss Olivia Hollister, the heroines' aunt, who has so pathetic—and yet so satisfying—a belief in the powers of romance and the numeral seven. Indeed, it was entirely owing to her that there were seven suitors. We have enjoyed Mr. Nicholson's latest book immensely, and we believe that it shows a considerable advance upon his earlier work.

THE EXCEPTION. By Oliver Onions. 6s. (Methuen.)

"Near the mossy boulder on which Berice lay, a dead branch had lodged across a noisy rill. It had collected a little heap of water-rakings—mould, skeletonised leaves, glistening scum, and vegetable scurf. These fouled half the surface of the little pool above the branch. . . . She knew that she had but to dislodge the dead branch and in a few minutes the pool would be clear again. . . Dallyingly she put out one hand. . . . She loosed one end of it, and with a plop and a gurgle half the mass went over the little fall. She cleared the other end, and, as it still stuck, pushed at it with her foot. It gave; the liberated water broke into a clear musical spouting, and in scarce more than a minute the pebbly bottom could be seen." This incident is a symbolical presentment of Berice Beckwith's own life. Anxious to hide an event in her past, she

acts in a way which brings trouble after trouble crowding thickly around her until at last she forces herself to make a full confession to her husband and the rotten branch which has dammed the stream of her life is removed. The author writes with a subtle knowledge of humanity and great charm of style, and contrives to make an admirable story out of a difficult and not over-fresh plot. It is a book of poignant emotional power and the characters are very skilfully drawn. Those who enjoyed "The Odd Job Man" and "Little Devil Doubt" will find that this newest novel by Mr. Oliver Onions is in point of good workmanship and the interest of its story fully equal to the best of his work, and there are few novelists of these days whose work is so conscientious as his or of a higher literary value.

The Bookman's Table.

A HERO OF THE SEA. By J. E. Patterson. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It goes without saying that the man who has saved over a hundred lives must have a life-story of his own that is well worth telling. This great record of noble accomplishment belongs to Lieutenant John O. Williams, R.N., and every man who honours courage and loves to read of brave deeds will be grateful to Mr. J. E. Patterson for this book of his. Lieutenant Williams served for forty years in the Royal Navy; first on a revenue cutter, and later in the Coastguard service, and it was during this latter period, when he was for many years in charge of various stations round the coast, that most of his work in the saving of human lives was done. Mr. Patterson has thrilling stories to tell of how Lieutenant Williams went out in the lifeboat in the teeth of fierce gales, of roaring seas, and blinding snowstorms and snatched the drowning and the hopeless from sinking wrecks; of how again and again in his passionate devotion to duty he risked his own life for the salving of others; of how, by sheer indomitable pluck and determination and a ready resourcefulness, he would carry his cumbersome rocket life-saving apparatus over mountainous land, through the blackness of rain and midnight to reach some point from which it could be used for the rescue of shipwrecked men who but for his resolution and promptitude were inevitably doomed. The volume contains a full and very interesting account of the invention and development of the rocket apparatus, but its deepest interest lies in its striking narrative of the man who proved himself a "hero by instinct and inherent greatness of heart, and a gentleman by the sheer quality of his general thought, high principles, and natural conduct." It is a story that grips you by reason of its intensely human appeal, its variety of poignant and moving incident, and the vigour and imaginative sympathy with which it is told. There are a dozen good portraits and other illustrations from photographs, sketches, and old prints.

CECIL RHODES: HIS PRIVATE LIFE. By his Private Secretary, Philip Jourdan. 7s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

Mr. Jourdan has written this book for two very definite reasons. First, he has heard that "most unjust libels with reference to his (Rhodes's) private life were being disseminated throughout the length and breadth of the country," and he wishes to refute them; and second, because Cecil Rhodes asked him to do so. "I have often thought of a conversation he had with me in my office at Groote Schuur some two years before his death. He spoke very tenderly and affectionately to me, and there was a soft and pensive look in his eyes as he placed his hand upon my shoulder and said: 'My boy, are you keeping a note of everything that is occurring around you? You have great opportunities. One day your notes may be very valuable.' I knew he meant whether I was collecting data with a view to publication after his death." The extracts which we have given may possibly have let the cat out of the bag already—Mr. Jourdan does not possess a very distinguished style. In addition to this, he has not much idea of literary construction, with the result that his book is sometimes rather confusing. Probably, also, an index would have been an improvement. However, having said so much, we have passed the worst. There can be no question whatever as to the surpassing interest of Mr. Jourdan's subject-matter, and one cannot blame him for having been born without the literary faculty. Besides, he is always clear in the narration of his various anecdotes. The book is practically a collection of anecdotes centring round the Napoleonic figure of the "empire-maker." With a view to the scandals, Mr. Jourdan has devoted a considerable amount of space—probably rather more than is justified by the place that women took in Rhodes's life—to the gentler side of his hero's character, particularly in regard to his relations with women. There can be no question that Mr. Jourdan knew Rhodes as well as, and possibly better than, any man; and in this case knowledge brought respect and love and a grand enthusiasm. Although he does not say so, one gains the impression that Mr. Jourdan—still a young man—is conscious that he has lived his life. But his book is hopeful and inspiring. In spite of its literary disabilities, perhaps even because of them, the reader is convinced of the author's deep sincerity and absolute genuineness. We believe that no future study of Rhodes's life will be complete if it neglects to take this volume into consideration.

THE SECRETS OF THE VATICAN. By Douglas Sladen. 7s. 6d. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

When Mr. Douglas Sladen's "Secrets of the Vatican" first appeared in its handsome library edition, many of us expressed a hope that it would some day be reissued in a smaller and handier shape, so that travellers to the Eternal City might carry so useful a volume along with them. For in this book of his Mr. Sladen has not only supplied a careful and most reliable account of the history and workings of the Papal Government, but has combined with it a full and uncommonly interesting guide-book to the Palace of the Popes. He describes and catalogues the contents of the little-known and practically secret places of the Vatican; takes you through the Crypt of St. Peter's, the vast Library of the Palace and gives you a complete record of its treasures. He tells minutely what happens on the death of a Pope, the manner in which his successor and in which the Cardinals are elected; narrates an audience with the Pope, and gives a sketch of his daily life. In a word, his book is at once a history of "the most venerable of human institutions" from its earliest times to our own day, and an admirable guide to all parts of the Vatican, especially to those parts that are not generally shown to the public. It will be invaluable to every traveller in Rome, and makes entertaining and deeply interesting reading for more stay-at-home persons who do most of their travelling by deputy. It is a work of permanent value, and in this new and cheaper form it is sure of a wide and growing acceptance. All the plates, plans, and photographs of the original edition are included in this cheap reissue, which is almost as handsomely produced as if there had been no reduction in the price.

PEOPLE AND QUESTIONS. By G. S. Street. 5s. net. (Martin Secker.)

Mr. Street is a facile writer whose virtue is his charm. He is without opinions or ideas peculiarly his own. His charm is his only motive power and it is perhaps a little more fitful than he suspects. His egoism delights us for pages, and then (his charm deserting him) becomes suddenly annoying. We enjoy his prattle about pigs and cockneys, and enthusiasts and superior people, and the

middle-aged, and are surprised ourselves, when we come to look at a serious review article on Lord Randolph Churchill, to find that we are reading a very ordinary writer. And then, in a moment, we are bewitched again (as the charm comes back) and we will swear by Mr. Street against any one. His private gift is a species of after-dinner essay-writing that is very pleasant after dinner. At these moments we do not need the stimulating shock of new ideas. They would disturb our digestion. Now Mr. Street can be read with perfect safety after lobster and vol-au-vent. This book is representative of his work. It is full of charming trifles, and marred by a few attempts to hold an audience when the charm has flown away. It is like an autumn day when sunshine chases the clouds one after another.

PAGES FROM THE BOOK OF PARIS. By Claude C. Washburn. Illustrated by Lester G. Hornby. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—**SHADOWS OF OLD PARIS.** By G. Duval. Illustrated by J. Gavin. 12s. 6d. net. (Griffiths.)

The first of these books is made up of amiable gossip in an American accent. Mr. Washburn is something of a Stevenson, but more of a philosopher. He teaches as much as he can. For example, he tell us that "Sentiment is sentiment, and sentimentality is sentimentality." But it is not fair to laugh at him, for he laughs very prettily at himself, in an imaginary interview with Anatole France. And he knows his Paris well. Nothing could be more delightful than Mr. Hornby's illustrations, at once delicate, truthful, and full of personality. The second book, by G. Duval, is, internal evidence teaches us, written by a woman, and written very pleasantly. Its aim is more useful than that of the American book, but it is achieved with no lesser charm. Mr. Washburn's Paris is coloured by Mr. Washburn, Mrs. Duval's by the iridescent mist of centuries. It is called "Shadows of Old Paris," but the shadows are to seek, and the book is scintillant with the lights of a hundred ancient tales. Mrs. Duval, hand in hand with her illustrator, wanders about Paris, detects in the new the relics of the old, and writes quite delightfully and with great confidence of the memories that these relics suggest. The verve and dance of her pen is only interrupted by the frequent and unfortunate misprints which must mar the book for those who are unable to correct them. Even the misprints, so lively is the book, seem almost to be part of the game. It is very pleasant to meet with a topographer who writes with such joyous abandon. The illustrations by J. Gavin (sex also unstated and more difficult to determine) have suffered considerably by the method of their reproduction. Those that have survived an ordeal that seems to have been unnecessarily severe are so good that we regret the remainder. Pictures and writing together make a book that will certainly illumine many of the shadows with which it purposes to deal. Paris is a sealed casket for the ignorant, and this book is a much better key to it than most of the ordinary guide-books.

Notes on New Books.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

The Shans are not yet an over-written race, and Mrs. Leslie Milne's new volume on **The Shans at Home** (15s. net) has freshness to commend it, as well as first-hand information and a most attractive style. Mrs. Milne having travelled among, and lived among, this, one of the lesser-known Asiatic races, is able to give valuable details of the daily life of the people. She pictures them for us, by pen, brush, and camera, from birth to old age, and discusses also the more general topics—government, industries, literature, characteristics and beliefs. Two chapters on these more general matters are contributed by the Rev. W. W. Cochrane. Indeed this volume by word and illustration presents a clear and authoritative description of this interesting and generally amiable race.

MESSRS. W. & R. CHAMBERS.

Stokes' Cyclopædia of Music and Musicians (6s. net) is an invaluable reference book for information on any matter connected with music or musicians. It gives biographies of all musicians who have won any eminence at all; explains the theory of music without technicalities; supplies lucid definitions of musical terms and the stories of all the more important operas. In a word, students and lovers of music will find it a full and reliable storehouse of facts, admirably and compactly arranged.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG & CO.

From child to woman we follow the character of **Miss Wender**, a new novel by Ina Wye (6s.), and we give the authoress hearty commendation for the sincere and natural story. In the first few chapters we watch the gradual friendship between the stern and unamiable country rector and the twelve-year-old daughter of Lord Wender, who has been sent to the country to stay with an old servant while divorce proceedings are taking place between her father and mother. Then, after a gap of ten years, we find Eva Wender again, on the threshold of a sorrow which influences her whole life. Her engagement to her cousn Tony, her intercourse with her shameful mother, her feeling for the rector—the "Mr. Tommy" who was her friend in childhood—all the shadowed days and the gay days, are woven into an absorbing and sympathetic story, with a charm above the usual.

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS.

In his well-known "Vigo Cabinet Series" Mr. Elkin Mathews has published two new collections of poems. In **The Flame**, by E. Hamilton Moore (1s. net), we find music and passion and a general strain of melancholy. This poet's style is limpid, and his thought distinct. The title-poem, "The Flame," short though it is, is one of the best in the little collection; in it the moth utters her cry against the law of Nature which drives her, through her obedience, into the fire which blinds and consumes her.

The second new booklet in the "Vigo Cabinet Series" is by Lewis Spence—**Le Roi d'Ys**, and Other Poems (1s. net). Mr. Spence is a vigorous poet, and his vivid lines "go with a swing." He gives the impression of being quite at his ease with words, of being able to mould them forcefully to his own need of expression. In "Le Roi d'Ys" we get the rare occurrence of a rhyme for "wind" in its prose sound. In his "Sonnets to the Sea-Folk" he tells some strong plain truths to a semi-blind, or semi-sleeping, nation.

In the early days of English sonnets considerable laxity prevailed regarding the meaning of the term. Even the rule of fourteen lines was not strictly observed. It seems unnecessary at this date to try to revolutionise a long-accepted usage as Mr. Ferdinand Earle attempts to do in his volume of **Sonnets** (3s. 6d. net). His innovations in the scheme of rhymes militate against the beauty and the compactness of the sonnet, and Mr. Earle's "original arrangement of rhyme-endings" renders the title of his little book quite unjustifiable. We like best his "experiments of a musical or painter-like character," in which observation is combined with an admirable feeling for melody and phrase.

MESSRS. HERBERT & DANIEL.

If we were doomed to have sleepless nights, or days of exile, one of the books we should certainly choose for a companion would be **Studies in Arcady**, by R. L. Gales (5s. net). The volume is composed of "Essays from a Country Parsonage," and the description itself is full of promise. But even the description gives no adequate idea at all of the intimate charm of these intelligent, bright yet thoughtful, gossipings. It must be a good thing to have one's lot cast in a parish which boasts such a parson. Mr. Gales does not even hint that he is a priest to be desired; but reading between his lines we learn of his humanity, his tolerance, his humour, his patience and understanding. The author tells of his parish and of the villagers, of their life on fifteen shillings a week, of their humour and their "dicta." But he also discusses literary matters and has a genuine love for beautiful words and expressive phrases, for folk-lore and legend. His essays wander from "Christmas Beer in Workhouses" to "Nursery Rhymes," from "A Sunday Dinner Table" to "The Easter Alleluia," from "The Names of Flowers" to "The Humours of Parish Viisting." It is a volume conveying personal charm.

YEAR-BOOKS.

The new volumes of **Who's Who?** (A. & C. Black) and **The Literary Year-Book** (Routledge) lie upon our table. To the literary man and the journalist they are probably the most indispensable of reference books, and every year finds them growing both in size and in usefulness. The new "Who's Who?" contains some twenty-three thousand biographies of well-known men, and has expanded to 2,250 pages; it furnishes concise and exact information that is nowhere else obtainable about everybody who is anybody in almost every walk of public life; and the new "Literary Year-Book" gives its usual miscellany of useful information concerning authors, publishers, periodicals, booksellers, literary agents, the law of copyright, and the hundred and one other matters of interest to all who write books or have business dealings in them.

New Books of the Month.

FROM NOVEMBER 10 TO DECEMBER 10.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

AINSWORTH, PERCY C.—The Threshold Grace: Meditations in the Psalms. 1s. net .....(Kelly)
BELL, LETTICE.—The Lost Garden. (Never Old Stories.) With 4 Illustrations in Colour. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton)
BELL, LETTICE.—The Man in the Dark. 6d. net (Morgan & Scott)
BLACK, HUGH.—Comfort. 2s. net ....(Hodder & Stoughton)
BLACK, REV. JAMES, M.A.—The Pilgrim Ship. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
Book for the King's Watchmen, A: being Stray Thoughts for Invalids. With an Introduction by B. W. Randolph, D.D. 2s. 6d. net .....(Mowbray)
COOKE, REV. G. A., D.D.—The Progress of Revelation. 4s. 6d. net .....(T. & T. Clark)
CORNISH, FRANCIS WARRE, M.A.—The English Church in the Nineteenth Century. In 2 Parts. 7s. 6d. each part .....(Macmillan)
Day by Day we Worship Thee: Readings and Prayers from Holy Scripture and the Book of Common Prayer, for Households, Hospitals, and Institutions. 3s. 6d. net (Wells Gardner)
DREWS, ARTHUR, Ph.D.—The Christ Myth. Translated by C. Delisle Burns, M.A. 7s. 6d. net .....(Unwin)
Epictetus, The Book of: Being the Enchiridion, together with Chapters from the Discourses and Selected Fragments of Epictetus. Translated by Elizabeth Carter. Selected and Arranged by T. W. Rolleston. With Frontispiece. (The Harrap Library.) 2s. 6d. net .....(Harrap)
FREEMAN, FLORA LUCY.—The Sunshine of Everyday Life. With a Preface by the Rev. C. H. Sharpe, M.A. 1s. 6d. net .....(Mowbray)
GREGORY, J.—Phillips Brooks: a Study for Present-Day Preachers. 2s. 6d. net .....(Stockwell)
HABERSHON, ADA R.—The Study of the Miracles. 6s. (Morgan & Scott)
KELMAN, JOHN, D.D.—Ephemera Eternitatis: a Book of Short Studies in Life Here and Hereafter, Arranged for the Sundays of the Christian Year. 5s. net (Hodder & Stoughton)
KENNEDY, J. M.—The Religions and Philosophies of the East. 6s. net .....(Laurie)
LINDSAY, LADY.—Within Hospital Walls. 1s. net (Kegan Paul)
MIDDLETON, REV. WILLIAM.—The Breaking Day: Thoughts on the Future Life. 6d. net .....(Morgan & Scott)
MITCHELL, REV. JOHN.—Helps for Inquirers and Young Converts. 1s. net .....(Morgan & Scott)
MORGAN, G. E., M.A.—Old-World Stories: Retold for To-day.—With 16 Coloured Illustrations. 3s. 6d. (Morgan & Scott)
ORR, REV. PROFESSOR JAMES, D.D.—Sin as a Problem of To-day. 6s. .....(Hodder & Stoughton)
PALÁU, GABRIEL, S.J.—The Practical Catholic. Translated from the Spanish by George Charles Hungerford Pollen, S.J. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net (Manresa Press, Roehampton, S.W.)
PFLEIDERER, OTTO, D.D.—Primitive Christianity: its Writings and Teachings in their Historical Connections. Translated by W. Montgomery, B.D. Vol. III. 10s. 6d. net.....(Williams & Norgate)
SMELLIE, ALEXANDER, D.D.—The Daily Walk. 6d. net (Melrose)
Spiritual Letters of Edward King, D.D., Late Lord Bishop of Lincoln. Edited by the Rev. B. W. Randolph, D.D. With Frontispiece. 2s. net, 3s. 6d. net, and 4s. 6d. net (Mowbray)
TERENCE, VESTA.—Behind the Blinds. 2s. 6d. net (Allenson)
THOMAS, PHILIP.—Auguste Comte on Marriage and Divorce: Discourse given at the Church of Humanity, Chapel Street, Holborn, November 6, 1910. 3d. ....(Watts)
TUDDENHAM, F. S.—The Advent Sign, or The "Eagles" and the King. With Diagrams. 2s. net ..(Stockwell)
WATERHOUSE, ELIZABETH.—The House by the Cherry Tree: a Second Series of Little Homilies to Women in Country Places. 2s. net .....(Methuen)
WHISHAW, CONSTANCE M.—Precept and Practice: a Collection of Helpful Thoughts from various Authors arranged for Daily Reading. 2s. net ..(Samuel Bagster)

NEW EDITIONS.

A KEMPIS, THOMAS.—Of the Imitation of Christ. With 24 Coloured Reproductions from the Old Masters. (The Burlington Library.) 3s. 6d. net (Chapman & Hall)
A KEMPIS, THOMAS.—The Imitation of Christ. With Frontispiece. 6s. net .....(Chapman & Hall)
Earliest Life of Christ ever compiled from the Four Gospels, being the Diatessaron of Tatian (*circa* A.D. 160): Literally Translated from the Arabic Version and containing the Four Gospels woven into One Story. With an Introduction and Notes by the Rev. J. Hamlyn Hill, D.D. Second Edition, abridged. 3s. net (T. & T. Clark)
Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, The. Translated by George Long. With Introduction by W. L. Courtney. With Frontispiece. (Red Letter Library.) 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net .....(Blackie)
SHIPTON, ANNA.—Tell Jesus (Recollections of Emily Gosse) and Poems. 60th Impression. 1s. net (Morgan & Scott)
SPENCER, HERBERT.—Social Statics: Abridged and Revised. 6d. .....(Watts)

FICTION.

ALLEN, JAMES LANE.—The Doctor's Christmas Eve. 6s. (Macmillan)
ASKEW, ALICE and CLAUDE.—The Woman Deborah. 6s. (Nash)
BARRINGTON, CEDRIC.—The Gospel of Expediency. 6s. (Routledge)
BEATTIE, WILLIAM B.—The Were-Wolf. 6s. (Stanley Paul)
BENSON, ROBERT HUGH.—None Other Gods. 6s. (Hutchinson)
BRADLEY, J. FOVARGUE.—The Black Abolitionist. 6s. (Greening)
CAFFYN, MRS. MANNINGTON ("IOTA").—Dorinda and her Daughter. 6s. .....(Hurst & Blackett)
CAREY, ALFRED E.—Vic Victa. 6s. .....(Greening)
CHILD, RICHARD WASHBURN.—Jim Hands. With Frontispiece by J. A. Williams. 6s. .....(Macmillan)
CORNISH, F. WARRE.—Darwell Stories. 6s. ....(Constable)
CROMMELIN, MAY.—Madam Mystery: a Romance in Touraine. 6s. .....(Hutchinson)
DREW, SARA.—The Harlot in Heaven. 6s. .....(Ouseley)
FORBES, LADY ANGELA.—The Broken Commandment. 6s. (Nash)
HARVEY, WILLIAM FRYER.—Midnight House, and Other Tales. 2s. 6d. net .....(Dent)
KAYE, MICHAEL W.—The Cardinal's Past. 6s. ..(Greening)
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